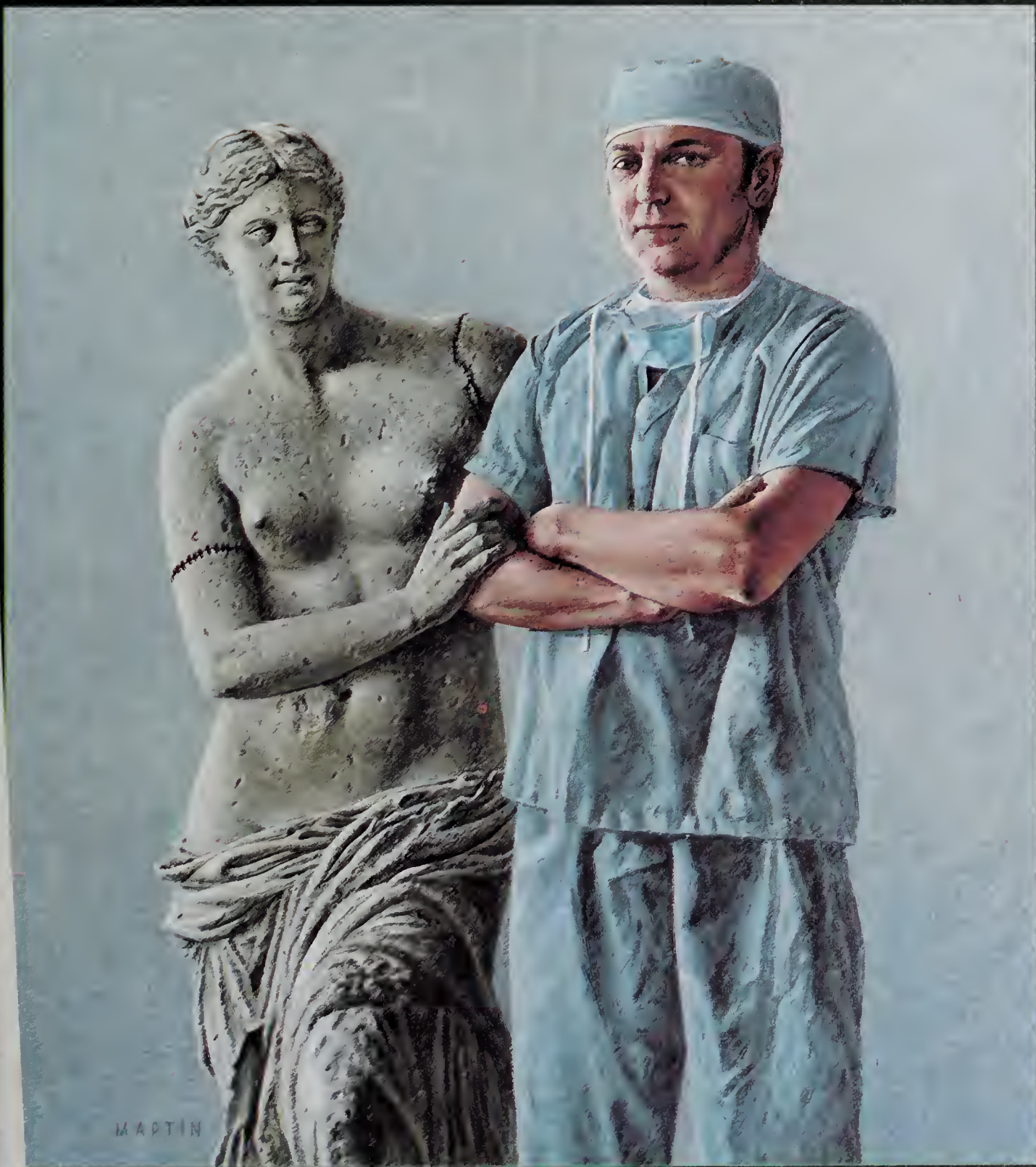


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GRADUATE



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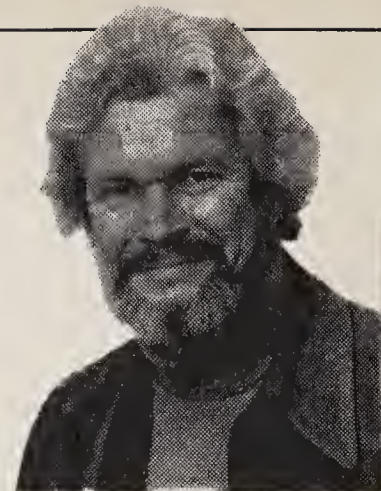
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TRANSITION



It wasn't until Maureen Kelly, winner of one of the two Moss scholarships this year, made her acceptance speech at the Alumni-Faculty award dinner at Hart House, April 8, that we learned she was a high school drop-out. In fact it was right on our deadline and while we didn't stop the presses we did scurry about for a day or so trying to squeeze a few extra lines into the very brief report on page 31. Staff writer Pamela Cornell finally tracked her down and discovered that the usual litany of frustrations and pressures had resulted in her quitting school. In retrospect, said Kelly, and with no little irony, she had no regrets. "At the time," she said, "it was the right thing to do."

She went through a motley series of full- and part-time jobs ranging from clerk to lifeguard to youth counsellor with a few secretarial positions thrown in along the way. By the time she heard about the University's Transitional Year Program she was 19 years old, working as a skip tracer for a collection agency, doomed, perhaps, to an aimless lifetime of survival through a series of more or less uninteresting jobs: a not uncommon prospect for the under-educated. She might just as easily have found her own goals and achieved them: bright people often do. No one is suggesting that higher education saved her from a fate worse than death.

Still, when she stood before those gathered in the Great Hall that night she chose to say "thank you" to TYP. "That program was excellent," she said. "It really sparked my interest." Now, equipped with one of the most prestigious awards an undergraduate can achieve, she has set her sights on an academic career and plans to work on her master's degree in anthropology at either McGill or McMaster.

The Transitional Year Program, designed to prepare high school drop-outs for university education, began in 1970 but was discontinued for a year in 1976 after an assessment committee determined that it was suffering from, according to one report, "undue Marxist influence, racial tensions and incompetent teachers". It was revived the following year with a new director, Professor Martin Wall, aided by six tutors and a modest budget of \$150,000.

Professor Wall said at the time that the program had been planned "for people who had to drop out of high school at an early age, yet who are bright enough to pursue a university education. We take them from where they are and in one year upgrade them through intensive tutorial work, mainly in writing skills." That was in March 1978 but by the end of May the program was again in danger of being scrapped, this time because provincial funding was threatened on the somewhat tenuous grounds that such training should be provided within the high schools. Difficult, if someone has dropped out of the high schools, but politically understandable. Turning the problem back to the high schools would have saved the government \$150,000 a year.

In March of this year, just a few weeks before Maureen

Kelly made her tribute, the Transitional Year Program received a solid vote of approval from a provostial committee which had been established to give the revamped program yet another examination. The TYP had been reinstated on the recommendation of a task force headed by Rev. John M. Kelly who also headed the recent review committee which found itself "impressed with the effectiveness and value of the reinstated program," adding that "the problems which bedevilled the earlier program no longer exist and morale is high".

Since the program was reinstated, 60 students have completed it and 47 of them have been accepted into university. Current enrolment in the program is 37 and clearly it has become a fixture. The review committee observed in its findings that the TYP has been "remarkably successful . . . and much of that success can be attributed to its presence within the university setting. The program is unique in the Canadian university system."

The Transitional Year Program, difficult though its gestation may have been, much-beleaguered though it was, has become highly successful. An encouraging performance and one that increases the University's accessibility.

★ ★ ★

Joanne Strong (U.C. 1951) has given up her popular Alumiana column in *The Graduate* owing to pressures of an increasingly active campus involvement. She sits on the University's Governing Council as well as editing her own newsletter, *The Medium*, published by Alumni House. We'll miss her enthusiasm and support and take this opportunity to express our gratitude for her contributions during the past three years.

Joyce Forster (U.C. 1946) has kindly agreed to cover alumni affairs (her column begins on page 23) and with the second Campus News column (page 29) readers should be well informed about what has been happening on the three campuses.

★ ★ ★

Incidentally, we have been having some difficulties with our computer and some readers are receiving more than one copy of *The Graduate* because it is now being sent to retired employees of the University and if they are also graduates their names will be on two lists. The reasons are sufficiently complex that only another computer can truly comprehend them. Please bear with us, we're working on it.

Editor

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SUTURES SLENDER AS SPIDER'S SILK

By Robbie Salter

The tedious, rigorous, miraculous work of microscopic surgery

When Ralph Manktelow, microsurgeon and head of the division of plastic surgery at the Toronto General Hospital, leaves his home for the hospital in the morning, he's never quite sure when he'll be back.

Some microsurgical procedures take only an hour or two, but others may go on for 20 hours straight, requiring three teams of nurses and a change of anaesthetists, one of whom quips, "during microsurgery, you keep one eye on your watch, the other on your calendar".

During one week Dr. Manktelow (6T4) was hardly home at all. In fact he crossed his own personal dateline a number of times. With characteristic understatement, he describes the highlights of that week.

"The first emergency came in late Monday night, a man from Winnipeg whose thumb had been torn off by a power saw. The tendons had been pulled right out of the forearm and the blood vessels stretched until they snapped."

The loss of a thumb, whether the person uses it to work a machine or to manage computer cards, may mean a threat to livelihood.

To reattach or "replant" the thumb Dr. Manktelow and the other two plastic surgeons who with him make

up the Toronto microsurgery team — Dr. Nancy McKee (7T0) and Dr. Ronald Zuker (6T9) — sutured the vessels and the nerves and then transferred tendons from an adjacent finger. They finally left the operating room at 9.30 the next morning.

On Tuesday night a patient came in with three fingers cut off. Dr. Zuker and Dr. McKee sewed them back on again. They worked around the clock, finishing at 11 a.m. Wednesday.

On Wednesday night a patient was admitted from an industrial accident. In a mishap at his machine press, the man had cut off his ring and little finger and the tip of his middle finger. The team scrubbed up at midnight and finished replanting the fingers at 5.30 a.m.

Sometime during Thursday night the blood flow in the replanted thumb of the Winnipeg patient slowed down to a trickle. Back in the operating room again the team reconstructed the blocked blood vessels. They left the operating room at 10 a.m. Friday.

Infection is a fear that dogs every surgeon's life but microsurgeons are also concerned about a clot that may block the tiny vessel or about blood leaking out through the holes made by the needle and its suture.

On Saturday there were further problems with the Winnipeg thumb and it took most of the day to transfer a blood vessel, donated by the ring finger, to the ailing thumb.

"The sooner an amputation reaches us the fewer the complications and the better the result will be," says Dr. Manktelow, head of the team which is on 24-hour call and responsible for all replantations coming into Toronto. "With the Winnipeg patient, the amputation was already 12 hours old when it reached us."

Sometimes it takes the team an hour or two just to assess whether a patient is a good candidate for microsurgery or not. A finger or a toe that has been cut off cleanly has a better chance of being successfully replanted than does one that has been crushed or torn away. It helps, too, if someone at the scene has the wit to wrap the severed parts in gauze and plastic and then keep the package on ice.

Robbie Salter is a freelance science writer.



"The sooner an amputation reaches us the fewer the complications and the better the result will be."

The age of the patient is also a factor: the older the patient the less likely a good result. And the patient with cardiac problems, diabetes or any other systemic disease is usually not a good candidate, especially where the blood vessels have deteriorated.

But on average the results are good. If the severed part is undamaged it has a 90 per cent or even better chance of surviving. If the part is damaged then the chances drop to about 60 per cent.

As Ralph Manktelow reflects on the events of the week, his warm brown eyes hint at the fatigue which follows such a marathon of surgery. Close to 50 hours in the operating room. "But that was in no way a typical week. In the week that followed there were no replantations, although we usually do about one a week."

Little by little the procedures are taking less time. But they still call for an extraordinary fortitude to support precise hand-eye co-ordination and a light touch over a number of hours.

One U.S. microsurgeon says microsurgery calls for "the eyes of an eagle, the heart of a lion, the stamina of a Capistrano swallow, the rump of a rhinoceros and anyone in his right mind would go do something else". Still surgeons who do microsurgery seldom ever want to change their vocation, despite the long hours that encroach on their practices in conventional plastic surgery, let alone family life, rest and recreation.

After completing his basic surgical training in the University's internationally respected Gallie course, Ralph Manktelow studied microsurgery in various centres around the world. In 1973, he began to replant amputated fingers and toes. That was 11 years after dramatic headlines told us how a child's amputated arm had been successfully replanted at the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston.

For three years Dr. Manktelow did all the replants by himself. Then, in 1976, he was joined by Dr. McKee of the Mount Sinai Hospital and Dr. Zuker of the Hospital for Sick Children.

Microsurgery — any surgery done through an operating microscope or magnifying loupe — was first performed in Sweden in the 1920s. Since then surgeons have improved their techniques to the point of being able to reconnect arteries and veins the thickness of a needle.

Today, thanks to a microscope which can make a nerve one thirty-second of an inch in diameter look like a one-inch hose, surgeons can even rejoin severed fascicles —

bundles of nerve fibres that act as tiny message carriers — and so improve sensation in the replanted part. Before microsurgery, the cut ends of a nerve could be connected only around the circumference, leaving to nature the task of knitting the fascicles within. Connecting each of the eight to 20 fascicles takes time and patience but the chances of getting a precise alignment with good signals passing between the brain and the rejoined part are greatly enhanced.

To avoid "crossing wires" one Canadian microsurgeon sometimes uses a computer-designed diagram on sterilized paper to serve as a guide in rejoining the often complex network of nerves. But even after the most meticulous nerve repair it still takes about one month for one inch of new nerve tissue to grow down the hollow nerve tube.

Pivotal in the evolution of microsurgery was the introduction of micro-instruments patterned after those used by jewellers and a needle with a micro-suture as slender as spider's silk.

Today microsurgical techniques are applied in many surgical specialties: to improve vision and hearing, correct birth defects, provide cosmetic repair to areas devastated by

cancer, burns and trauma, to open Fallopian tubes to aid fertility, or to reverse a vasectomy (vasovasostomy).

There's a wide diversity in the challenges of microsurgery. Recently, for example, Dr. McKee replanted a severed penis. A few weeks earlier the team replaced the cancerous segment of a man's esophagus, or gullet, with a length of bowel, making it possible for him to eat and swallow rather than be fed through an opening into his chest or stomach. In one of the procedures Dr. Zuker does with children, he uses microsurgery to tether an undescended testicle to its proper place and with its blood supply intact.

Through microsurgery urologists are able to remove an abnormal kidney from a patient and by working with it "on the bench" under a microscope, correct conditions impossible to reach otherwise. They then return the reconstructed kidney to the body and reconnect its arteries and veins.

Through microsurgery the neurosurgeon is helped to remove minute tumours from the spinal cord, the brain and the pituitary gland. Pituitary tumours account for about 10 per cent of all brain tumours. And although they may be only one-eighth of an inch in diameter, their effect on hormone production can be drastic. The pituitary is known as the master gland and a tumour can cause growth failure, obesity, vision defects, loss of sex drive, upsets in the menstrual cycle and other problems. In the past, surgery on



"A nerve one thirty-second of an inch in diameter looks like a one-inch hose."

the pituitary, often hazardous at best, was usually only marginally successful. Thanks to the advent of microsurgery, patients with pituitary tumours are being restored to their normal activities.

Neurosurgeons also use the operating microscope to prevent the strokes that can result from atherosclerosis — hardening of the arteries — and aneurysms in which there is a ballooning out of one part of an artery wall. One common aneurysm, the berry aneurysm, so named because of its shape, develops in an artery at the base of the brain and if it ruptures it can cause a stroke or sudden death.

Before a disabling or fatal stroke takes place, however, a person will often be forewarned by a transient ischemic attack (TIA) in which there may be a brief loss of vision in one eye, slurred speech, a thought disorder, a fleeting blackout, weakness or twitching in an arm or a leg. People who have even only one TIA are 10 times more likely to have a stroke and it's usually caused by fatty deposits or clots in the arteries carrying blood to the brain. Through microsurgery neurosurgeons can by-pass the troublesome arteries, much as cardiovascular surgeons do by-pass operations on the heart.

For Dr. Manktelow one of the most exciting procedures he does is to transplant the gracilis, a slender expendable muscle in the thigh, with its blood vessels and nerves, to another site in the body.

"We often transplant the gracilis to replace a damaged muscle in the forearm," he explains. "When the graft has 'taken' and the nerve regenerated, it's marvellous to see the fingers flex and extend again instead of being paralyzed and useless."

One of the commonest uses of microsurgery, the free skin flap transfer, lifts a section of skin with its nutrient blood supply and nerves to another area where skin has been lost or destroyed because of a burn, birth defect, trauma or disease.

At one time the patient with cancer of the mouth had to make the best of surviving with a face whose lower half was missing after surgery and radiation. Although plastic surgeons did what they could, the patient was often left with a hideous deformity.

Recently the team operated on a man in just such straits. To rebuild the missing part of his face they sculpted a piece from the hip bone, from the iliac crest — the bone you check on when you're on a diet — and transferred it with skin, blood vessels and nerves to build a new jaw. The skin was used to line both the inside and the outside of the mouth.

"Technically it's not too difficult to carve a jaw from a hip

bone but you have to be able to think in three dimensions," says Dr. Manktelow. "The healing is quite natural since we use living bone and there's no immune reaction, no rejection of the graft."

Cancer patients are given high priority on the waiting list for microsurgery in order to get them back to their families and their work with the results of radical surgery and radiation behind them, cosmetically corrected through microsurgery. And although their hours in the operating room are long, their days in hospital are shorter than they were before microsurgery.

Prior to microsurgery such a graft was often taken from the abdomen — but not directly. First it was lifted with its own blood supply and sewn into a pedicle, a tube of flesh. The pedicle graft was then freed from its base and "walked" up the patient's body, being reconnected for its blood supply at as many new sites as necessary until it was within grafting distance of the face. "The pedicle method is still used in standard plastic surgery but it takes much longer and does call for several operations," says Dr. McKee.

In another operation in the chimerical world of

microsurgery, the foot donates a toe to help out a thumbless hand.

"The big toe makes a thumb that is larger than normal while the second toe makes a rather small thumb," explains Dr. Zuker. "But in either case the sensation, strength and function are good. Even when one or two fingers are missing, if the thumb is working the patient will be able to use the hand. "It's the thumb that does close to 50 per cent of the hand's work."

It's a field that welcomes ingenuity. With Dr. Manktelow the discrimination that turns a creative spark into a valuable creation began when he was a resident, appalled at the sight of amputated fingers and toes being discarded into an operating room bucket. In the years that followed his early training he has often used his imagination to find an answer to a long-standing and vexing problem.

Recently, for example, he devised a new way to protect

the stump of a below-the-knee amputation. The tenderness of a recent incision that carries the body's weight in a prosthesis can easily be rubbed to rawness and require further operations to put fresh skin over the stump.

Often the most brilliant answers are also the simplest, and so seemingly obvious in retrospect that others will snap their fingers and say, "Why didn't we think of it sooner?"

"All we did was to transplant the sole of the amputated foot with its own blood supply to become a protective



*"Technically it's not
difficult to carve
a jaw from a hip bone . . ."*

covering for the stump," Dr. Manktelow explains.

Trading off one part of the body for another has been done extensively in China, a country Dr. Zuker says gave great impetus to the practice of microsurgery. He tells the story of the Chinese patient who had been in a train accident. His left foot had been cut off, his left calf crushed and his right foot irreparably damaged. When the Chinese surgeons found they could save neither left calf nor right foot, they replanted the left foot on the right leg giving the man one intact lower limb. Fitted with an artificial leg (and two left shoes) the man could walk without crutches.

Even the omentum, the layer of fat in the abdomen, is sometimes called on for a donation. The omentum can be transferred to areas where subcutaneous fat has been lost through a burn or, in Romberg's disease, where the skin contracts and the subcutaneous fat is deficient.

Conceiving a new idea calls for creative energy; carrying it out in the operating room, where living tissues of the human loom are painstakingly rewoven, calls for another kind of vigour, dynamism, endurance. It's demanding, tedious work and most microsurgeons take a 10-minute break every two or three hours. To prepare for its rigours, for the spatial differences of the microscopic world and to become familiar with anatomical detail which can, at first, look as unfamiliar as a moonscape, surgeons spend many hours in the research laboratory and the post-mortem room.

The operating microscope shows up the most minute detail and it also reveals the slightest tremor in the surgeon's hand. In conventional surgery the surgeon stands and his hand moves through an arc of about five inches. In microscopic surgery, the surgeon sits and lets the fingers do the working. The arms rest on cushions and the arc of motion is usually not greater than one-eighth of an inch. Some surgeons use a special chair built to brace the body.

For most microsurgeons, muscle tension, aggravated by fatigue, is a constant problem and they give thought to how to keep fit for their long journeys into the body's inner space.

So how do they keep themselves up for the bear-on-the-ball-with-the-parasol act of juggling superfine surgery with their regular practices, teaching residents, reading journals and travelling to meetings?

Dr. Zuker runs two miles every morning he can. Like many microsurgeons, he avoids heavy work such as digging in the garden or even playing squash before an operation. He also knows a good night's sleep is a surgeon's best friend.

What does Dr. Manktelow do for recreation? One clue comes from a photograph on his office wall of a sailboat scudding across sparkling blue water. He also enjoys carving in wood and taking photographs.

Dr. McKee avoids smoking as well as tea, coffee and alcohol. She does some cross-country skiing but finds she gets plenty of exercise looking after her two small children and home. She also finds her life moves at a different pace on the days when she works on animal research in the Medical Sciences Building. Just now she is studying the effects of various drugs on blood flow, platelets and the healing of blood vessels as well as their potential for improving the chances of a "take" in microsurgery.

Having a good mental attitude towards work undergirds Nancy McKee's philosophy. Any vestiges of the angry, instrument-throwing surgeon are put to rout in microsurgery. "If something is not going well," she says, "it's no use fighting it. One problem will only lead to another and the

operating room is no place to have temper tantrums. You simply learn to tune out certain problems and not gather clouds of irritation. A good attitude helps to produce the endurance and self-discipline needed for long operations."

Dr. McKee, slim and quick of turn both mentally and physically, laughs easily at any suggestion of McKee as wonder-woman, although she is one of a small number of women practising plastic surgery in Canada. "It may seem a bit unusual today but five years from now you'll see many more women becoming plastic surgeons, just as more women are training in other surgical specialties," she says.

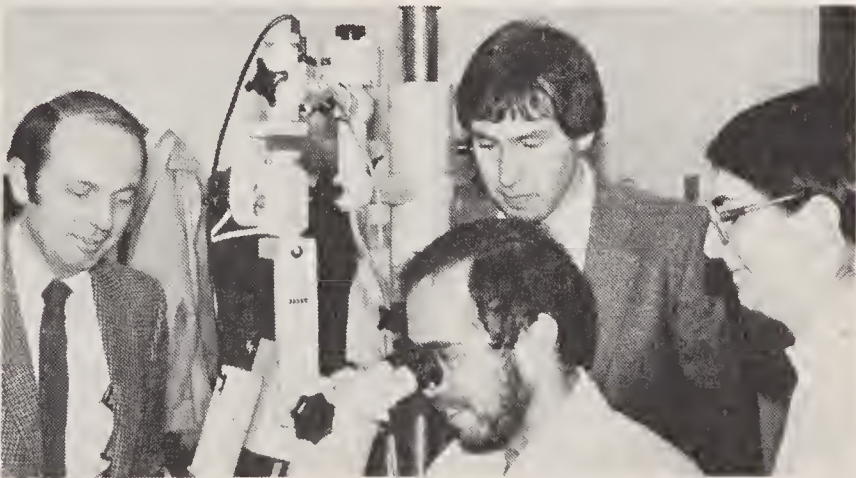
The constancy of the microsurgeon is matched with an equally constant flow of emergencies. Farm accidents tend to increase slightly in the spring and fall and the first weekend for cutting the grass is also a time for cutting off toes. And the person learning to work a new machine is vulnerable to accidents. But for the most part microsurgery's emergencies seem to have neither peaks nor off-seasons.

While microsurgery is a specialty for all seasons, the number of seasons in a microsurgeon's active career may be limited. It has often been called a young man's game and many by the age of 50 are happy enough to return to their research, writing, teaching and other kinds of surgery. It's not that microsurgeons are not competent at 50 but that, for many, it's a time to begin to catch up on other interests pushed to one side by the long hours in the operating room. In some centres, however, there are surgeons in their 40s who are just learning microsurgery techniques.

Surgery-through-the-microscope has brought the art of healing to a new height. It's a long gaze back to the days when Galen was patching up wounded gladiators. One day in 158 A.D., the Greek physician wrote, "I had the good fortune to work out a successful dressing for wounded nerves and tendons". Surgeons are restless by nature and Galen in his time was looking for a method of healing better than his standard dressing of dove's dung, printer's ink and wine.

Ralph Manktelow can also get restless. At the moment he's looking forward to the day when the immunological "rejection phenomenon" will be overcome, making it possible for fresh cadaver "spare parts" to be transplanted by microsurgery; when hands and feet, arms and legs may be exchanged just as corneas and kidneys are today.

When he leaves home in the morning, he may not know when he'll get back, but he does know that he and his team are part of an exciting development in surgical history. Microsurgery, like the best of all scientific advances, continues to grow in its scope to promote healing. When you think of it, this is one of surgery's finest gifts to humanity. ■



From left: Ralph Manktelow, Ronald Zuker, Nancy McKee; at microscope Bernd Neu, resident in plastic surgery, Toronto East General Hospital.

IMAGES

By James Montagnes

The ultimate stamp of distinction

Did you know that 10 graduates of the University of Toronto have been depicted on Canadian stamps either by portrait or by a product of their work and an 11th is remembered on a Chinese stamp?

A number of other personalities who have taught at the U of T or closely affiliated institutions are included among those honoured on Canadian stamps.

Like some other countries, Canada has in recent decades used postage stamps to tell about its historical, industrial and cultural developments. In doing so the stamps have illustrated many people and their works. Long gone are the days when only royalty was portrayed on Canadian stamps. Today people who have contributed to Canada's growth are remembered with stamps on the 50th or 100th anniversary of their birth or death. And if the person whose work is honoured is still living, his or her portrait is not shown but something of the contribution to Canada is featured on the stamp.

Canada's stamps to personalities have been issued for Canadian-born governors-general, for prime ministers, scientists, authors, social workers, painters, engineers and others. Among these are some of U of T's graduates.

First Canadian-born governor-general was Charles Vincent Massey, whose name is well-known. He obtained his BA in 1910, went on to study at Oxford, lectured in

history at Victoria College and was dean of residence there until 1915 when he joined the Canadian Army as a staff officer during the First World War. His portrait is on a six-cent 1969 stamp, released following his death in 1967.

Among prime ministers who were educated at the University of Toronto were William Lyon Mackenzie King, Arthur Meighen and Lester Bowles (Mike) Pearson.

King graduated with a BA in 1895, received his master's degree two years later. Till now the Canadian prime minister longest in office, he is shown on several stamps — in 1951 on a four-cent portrait stamp seated at his desk at Ottawa with the Peace Tower of the Parliament Buildings seen through his office window, and on a four-cent sketched portrait stamp in 1972. King also has the distinction of appearing on a 1948 15-centavo stamp of El Salvador depicting him with Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill at their wartime meeting at Quebec City in 1943.

Arthur Meighen graduated with a BA from U of T in 1896, then went on to study law and practise in Manitoba. While he was only prime minister for a few short-lived periods during the 1920s, a five-cent memorial stamp was issued for him in 1961 following his death the previous year.

Lester Pearson graduated at Victoria College in 1919 after serving with the Royal Flying Corps in the First World War. For four years he taught history at the U of T, then in 1928 joined the Department of External Affairs at Ottawa. Following his death in 1972, a six-cent sketched portrait stamp was issued in 1973.

Perhaps the oldest of the U of T's graduates to be featured on Canadian stamps is Sir William Osler, the famed physician who taught at leading medical schools in Canada, the United States and Great Britain. He started out at Trinity College in 1867 to study for the ministry but soon afterwards switched to the Toronto Medical School. In 1899 he received an LLD at the University of Toronto, one of a number from universities all over the English-speaking world. His books were translated into French, German, Spanish and Chinese. A six-cent portrait stamp was issued in 1969 on the 50th anniversary of his death.

Insulin was discovered at the U of T research laboratories

1 McCrae

4 Morrice

6 Massey

8 Meighen

2 Pearson

7 Leacock

9 Mackenzie King

3 Insulin

5 Osler



in 1921, where Frederick Grant Banting and Charles Herbert Best laboured hard during that hot summer on their experiment to find a remedy for diabetes. In 1971, the 50th anniversary of the discovery of insulin, Canada released a six-cent stamp showing some of the laboratory equipment used. Because Best was still living, neither medical scientist was shown on the stamp. Both were graduates of the University of Toronto, Banting in 1916, Best in 1921.

Banting is featured on a Swiss portrait stamp to mark the anniversary of insulin and Uruguay that year remembered the event with an airmail stamp on which both Banting and Best are named. Only the tiny oil-rich Persian Gulf sheikdom of Kuwait has portrayed both Banting and Best on two 1971 stamps for insulin's 50th anniversary.

The First World War physician John McCrae, best remembered for his poem "In Flanders Fields", written in the trenches of France in 1915 and first published in London's *Punch*, is another U of T graduate. He received his BA in 1894, his MA in 1898. He served as an artillery officer in the Boer War of 1899, as a medical officer in the First World War and died in France of pneumonia in 1918. A five-cent stamp with portrait and opening lines of his poem appeared in 1968 on the 50th anniversary of his death.

Another physician graduate was Norman Bethune with MB in 1916. He had interrupted his studies to enlist with Canadian troops in 1914, was invalided back to Canada in 1915 and completed his studies. He rejoined the Canadian Navy as a surgeon during the latter part of the First World War. It was as a medical officer during the Spanish Civil War of 1936-37 that he attracted attention. Later he went to China and was with the Chinese Eighth Route Army during the Sino-Japanese War. He died in China in 1939. Late in 1979, the People's Republic of China issued two stamps for the 40th anniversary of Bethune's death, one showing him treating a soldier, the other depicting a monument to him.

One of the main workers for union of the Methodist and Presbyterian churches in Canada was Samuel Dwight Chown who was educated at Victoria University and ordained as a minister in 1879. He received a doctor of

divinity from his alma mater in 1898. He became general superintendent of the Methodist church in 1910. Fifteen years later Chown saw the fruits of his battle when the United Church of Canada was formed. An eight-cent stamp was issued with his portrait and his church in 1975 to mark the 50th anniversary of the union.

Stephen Butler Leacock, economist and humourist, known throughout Canada for his "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" as well as his many books on history and economics, received his BA at U of T in 1891. In 1969 on the centenary of his birth, Canada issued a six-cent portrait stamp for Leacock with background scenes from some of his books.

Among artists whose paintings have been featured on Canadian stamps one graduated from the University of Toronto. James Wilson Morrice, whose painting of a ferry crossing the St. Lawrence River from Levis to Quebec City adorns the 20-cent stamp of the 1967 Canadian centenary postal issue, graduated in 1886. He went on to study painting in Paris, followed the style of the French impressionist school and lived most of his life in France.

The 15-cent stamp of the 1967 series shows an Arctic scene, Bylot Island, by Lawren Stewart Harris, a student for a year at U of T in 1903. On the advice of his dean, Professor A.T. DeLury, he went to study in Europe, opened a studio in Toronto, and was one of the founders of the Group of Seven painters. In 1951, U of T conferred an LLD on Harris.

A musician and composer who taught at the U of T, Healey Willan, was portrayed at an organ keyboard on a 17-cent stamp in 1980 on the 100th anniversary of his birth. Willan came to Canada from England in 1913 to head the theory department of the Toronto Conservatory of Music.

Are there more U of T graduates who have played important roles in Canada's history who should be on Canada's postage stamps? Canada's postal authorities may well be interested to know such names, dates of birth, death or anniversary of their major contributions to Canada. ■

James Montagnes is stamp columnist for The Toronto Star.

10 Chown

11 Willan

13 Insulin

16 Harris

17 Mackenzie King, Roosevelt and Churchill

12 Banting

13

15 Mackenzie King

14 Bethune

15

16

17

10

11

12

14

MEDIEVAL ROADSHOW

By David Parry

*With gunpowder, mace, sceptre & orb,
Poculi Ludique Societas goes to Ireland*



Robin Hood in the quadrangle of Trinity College, Dublin at the colloquium.

The Poculi Ludique Societas (PLS), the University's medieval drama group, toured to Ireland in July 1980. David Parry, theatrical administrator of the PLS, kept an informal journal from which these excerpts have been taken.

The company went first to Dublin for the third international colloquium of the Association for the Study of Medieval Drama at University and Trinity Colleges. The colloquium closed with a banquet and performance by the PLS of *The Stolen Shrovetide Cock* at Drogheda, about 40 miles north of Dublin.

From Drogheda they went to Cork for public performances. The journal lists the schedule: July 14, *Robin Hood* in the market place at noon, *Mankind*, *Mactatio* and *Shrovetide Cock* in the Granary Theatre in the evening; July 15, *Shrovetide Cock* and *Robin Hood* in the Ivern Theatre at noon; July 16, *Robin Hood* in the quadrangle followed by *World and Child* in the Aula Maxima of University College in the evening; possible additional street performances of *Robin Hood* on the afternoon of the 15th.

The Cork tour was a success, including the evening program on the 14th that some of the company feared might be too long. The diary contains the following entry: We need not have worried. The audience was tremendously appreciative. *Mankind* in particular went well tonight. One man came up to me afterwards and said how much he'd liked the playing of Mercy — "Sure," he said, "at the end there you got it just right — it was like a good heart-to-heart with the Holy Father!" That brought home to me just what the peculiar tension I'd felt tonight was — we were playing to a 100 per cent Catholic audience who were absolutely in tune with all the play was saying. A remarkable experience, much closer than anything I've yet come across to what the medieval audience for this play must have been like.

This year, the PLS has travelled to England, April 18 to May 10, performing by invitation on a tour that includes Cambridge, London, Leeds, York, Hull, Lancaster and Salford.

Friday, July 4

Packing and departure. Costumes, props carefully checked off — a sudden panic — a can of gunpowder for smoke effects in *Mankind*. But what about taking *that* into Ireland? Too late to check it with authorities. Brainstorm: mix it with incense — they're both black — and mark it "incense mixture". Any queries, it's to be used for smoke effects — truthful, partly. When we arrive, simply sift it through fine mesh — *hey presto!* — slightly smelly gunpowder! Panic over, container duly marked, packing finished in good order. The official count: 11 packages of various sizes and six bulging costume bags.

Saturday, July 5

Touch down at Shannon International, 7.35 a.m. No trouble with Irish Customs. They made us open only one trunk and after checking its contents — "item, one orb; item, one sceptre; item, one lace handkerchief for Lechery; item, one pair of dice for

Sloth; item, one bottle of blood; item, one tin incense mixture . . ." were content to pass us through as a group of harmless lunatics.

I phoned Christophe Campos of University College and arranged to meet him at 4 p.m. He said that would be plenty of time to drive to Dublin, allowing for some missed turnings.

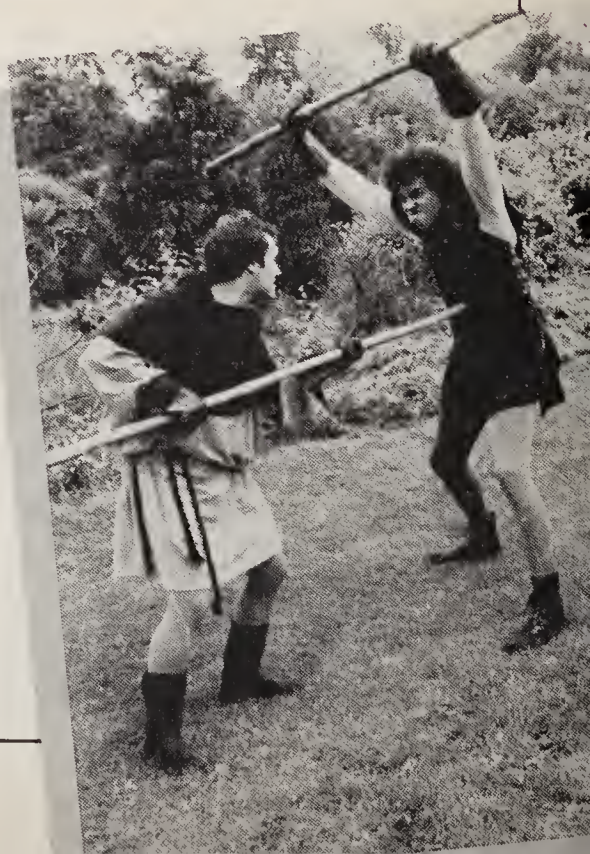
At Flynn's Car Rental we asked with some trepidation if the minibus reserved by letter from Toronto was available.

"Certainly sir!"

Good cheer was damped when we looked at the size — much smaller than Canadians are used to — and at its lack of a roof rack. Minions were dispatched with us to a broken-down van in the middle of the Shannon parking lot. This proved to contain, among other items, the components of about half a dozen roof racks, all different sizes and all broken. About an hour later we had a roof rack. A little lop-sided, somewhat odd and none too strong, but a roof rack indeed.

The best of our road maps had disappeared but we managed to stay more or less on course and arrived in Dublin at Christophe's house at 4 p.m. — our ETA to the minute. Christophe arrived at 4.30.

"Have you been waiting long? Sorry I'm a bit late — Irish time you know — the Irish are always half an hour late."



We went to University College and looked at the possible performance places. Some brief discussion about staging our shows, then to the hostel where we're staying till the colloquium starts. Not the free hostel Christophe had talked about in our correspondence? No, they had decided that was too far out and we'd rather be in Dublin. Well, yes, but it would be another pressure on our perilously slim budget . . . we'll have to work hard on our street collections.

Sunday, July 6

Cooked and ate a hearty breakfast at a leisurely pace. Then, the whole company sat down to plan for the next week — rehearsals, set and prop building, performances, the colloquium, Dublin, Drogheda and Cork. The meeting adjourned at 12 noon and the company went outside for a good fighting practice session that we'll try to keep on a daily basis.

A quick lunch then everyone into the minibus for Dublin city centre to see Trinity and the performance spaces and meet John McCormick, a French professor there who is directing *Aucassin and Nicolette* — the other part of the *World and Child* program — and is co-ordinating the whole show. We arrived on schedule at three. Part of his group was there but John McC. was not. We waited for 45 minutes, talking to the group members. The production of *A and N* is a puppet presentation with the story sung. Hugh Shields, who is doing the music, is convinced this is how the work was originally conceived. Interesting.

Quarter-stave flight from a public performance of *Robin Hood*, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.



We went to the Treasures of Early Irish Art exhibition at the National Museum. Everyone turned on by the achievements of the artists of Old Ireland.

Returned to Trinity about 5.15. The *A and N* rehearsal now in progress. At a break, we managed to talk to John McC. He's not sure how long the show is going to run but thinks about an hour and 10 minutes. That should give us a total show time of about two and a half hours with intermission. Sounds fine.

Monday, July 7

After breakfast we split into four groups: one to buy lumber for the set, one to get other materials, musicians and actors to rehearse. Christophe had called to ask us to change our press photo-call to this afternoon at 2.30.

It happened again! We arrived on time, Christophe arrived at three, the photographer at four, and *he* suggested we postpone the session to the morning!

Wednesday, July 9

Christophe had asked if we could help transport colloquium participants and we had agreed. This afternoon we rather wished we hadn't. However . . .

At seven o'clock we joined the colloquium dinner. After dinner, we jammed, I think, six others from the colloquium as well as ourselves into our minibus and returned to U.C.D. where students performed the Dublin *Visitatio* in the chapel. Following the performance, the opening meeting of the colloquium.

Thursday, July 10

RTE (Radio-Television Eire) wanted us to do a spot on the equivalent of CBC's four-to-six show. Good publicity. Much agonizing, however, on whether we could afford the time. Tonight a debut and still much to do. Final decision: rehearse *Mactatio* and go ahead with the radio show but insist on being back at the theatre by 6 p.m. sharp.

The interview was a great success, covering performance dates and times, potted history of the PLS, why we were in Ireland and so on. Back to the theatre and straight into rehearsal for *Mankind*. Because of some technical complications, we did not finish till eight. Just enough time to eat and change into costume for the *Mactatio*.

Christophe delayed the performance by 15 minutes for late-comers; everyone backstage a little edgy.



Rose Chaplan and Emily Van Evera from the performance for the colloquium at Trinity College of *World and the Child*.

Suddenly, it was all systems "go". A tremendous performance of both plays — very exciting. By the end of the *Mactatio* the energy was sky-high and the audience was with us all the way. It would have been difficult to give a bad performance of *Mankind* after that. Standing ovation and many curtain calls!

Friday, July 11

Up early to move our stuff so the Liège group could move in. We tried to move our gear out through the backstage exit marked emergency fire exit, not to be locked or blocked off. In fact, it proved to be broken and impossible to open. The porter tried to fix it without success and then put his shoulder to it. It didn't budge. I had a couple of tries and then asked him if I could really have a good go at it. He said, sure, it would have to be completely overhauled anyway. One last great effort and the door fell out of its frame. We loaded everything onto the minibus and left the door to the ministrations of



The Stolen Shrovetide Cock at Drogheda, the final PLS presentation at the colloquium.

porter and carpenter.

Off to Edmund Burke Hall at Trinity College. Arrangements had changed and we could have the theatre until about 5.30. A considerable relief for us but we began to wonder whether John McC.'s group could get set up in time — there was no sign of any lights or stage equipment.

At 5.30 we quit as John McC. was due to set up and rehearse *A and N*. Back at 7.30: chaos! The set was still being hammered together, lighting cables trailed everywhere, no one seemed to know what had to be done or how long it would take. We pitched in. By 8.30, when *A and N* was due to start, there were about 100 people in the lobby but no word on how long it would be before the group was ready.

We went off to find Christophe and managed to beard him in the hall. His reply? "Well, you know how it is — I'm sure people won't mind — we'll just start a bit late." It was now 8.45. Christophe then suggested perhaps dropping the performance of *World and Child* for that evening. I couldn't believe my ears. Six months of work, a 3,000-mile journey and he was suggesting we simply drop the performance!

The show finally started just before nine o'clock. To add insult to injury we learned that they had never actually rehearsed *A and N* all through and that the estimate of an hour and 10 minutes was a rough guess. In fact, it took an hour and 45

minutes. When it finished, we assured the audience that, despite the lateness of the hour, we were going on with *World and Child*.

We finished just after midnight.

What a day! Well, we survived.



Saturday, July 12

We rehearsed for the *Shrovetide Cock* performances tomorrow and finished just in time for a couple of the colloquium sessions. After this, a panel discussion. As I sat as a panelist, I realized that this was only the second session I'd been at during the past four days. Pretty poor record for a registered participant. The PLS and the company here came in for much praise — particularly as "elucidators" of difficult early texts. We felt suitably flattered.

Sunday, July 13

Everyone was apprehensive when all was finally stacked on the roof rack

and within and we were inside our minibus. We drove slowly to Drogheda, about 40 miles north of Dublin, for the medieval banquet and the performance of *Shrovetide Cock*. Lost the way to Towneley Hall twice but finally found it — beautiful estate.

A courtyard, adjoining the house, bounded on one side by stable and storage buildings and on the other by a long-ago burned out and ruined kitchen building, with grass and weeds and even trees growing up through it, looked and felt just right. The empty door and window frames of the ruined buildings worked a treat and the whole thing proved, I think, the nicest setting we've had.

Thursday, July 17

This morning, we packed everything carefully for its journey to Toronto, sealing all in garbage bags against probable rain on the road. It was a somewhat disorganized packing session but finally everything was accounted for and loaded. The tendency in the roof of the bus to

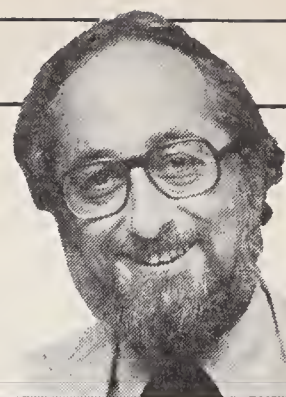
bend under the weight of the load because of the inadequate roof rack was very pronounced. We just hope it lasts till the bus is returned to Shannon.

Editor's Note: It did.

THE COMPANY

Dorothy Africa
Jamie Beaton
Rose Chaplan
David Fallis
Jacqui Hemingway
John Mayberry
Allan Park
David Parry
Antun Percic
Emily Van Evera

TAKING CARE, AND CARING



In the early '50s, when I was a student, the women's residences were inviolate, guarded by white-haired janissaries. More or less inviolate at any rate — there may have been a spot of hanky-panky in the odd darkened parlour but most dates ended with an embrace before a well-lit doorway; and secure enough in their upper floors that an elderly dean could remark to her charges (reportedly, not improbably, and unquestionably with total innocence), "I don't know why you girls stay outside at night with your young men when you could be upstairs in a nice warm bed."

Yet through the bedroom floors of Whitney Hall, Leo Cole roamed freely, with his ever-present smile usually returned. He was one of the campus caretakers; like many, a veteran of the first world war with a Mons Star, and a veteran also of many years in the University's employ. He once admitted to me that you never knew what might happen while changing a light bulb in a residence hallway but added what he told new members of his staff: "Keep your mouth shut, your eyes closed, mind your own business and everything will be OK."

Leo sticks in my memory because of his practical advice, good in many other situations. But he was only one of the hundreds of men and women who have kept the University of Toronto functioning since its founding.

Some have become legends, part of the life of the campus long after their own deaths. Such was Robert Beare, caretaker of Victoria College for 39 years. He and his flute were the heart of an evening of music, rough jokes and plain food which, in 1874, introduced freshmen and sophomores. The festivities became an annual event, named in his honour and enduring over a century — the Vic Bob.

Other servants became the subject of academic anecdote. One of my favourites is Townsend, a well-educated porter at Trinity. When ordered by a new student to take a set of trunks to the young man's rooms, Townsend responded grandly, "Sir,

my title comes from *porta*, a door — not *porto*, I carry."

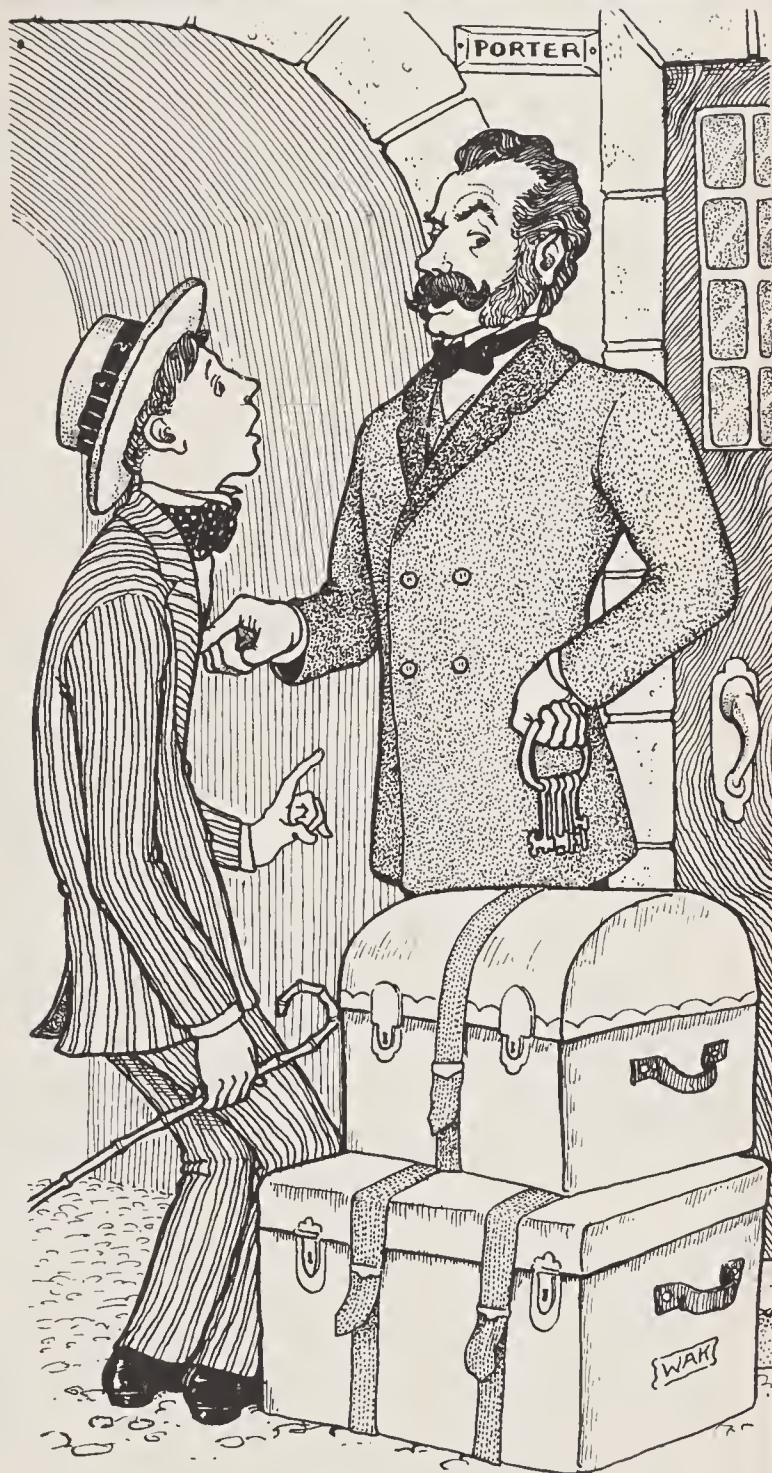
A few are remembered for their failings. Archie Pride stumbled once — while he was carrying a tray of kerosene lamps through the February gloom of University College. His slip started a fire that gutted half the building.

(Archie remained on staff, however, in the Biological Building on Queen's Park, where fate finally caught up with him. A travelling circus passing through Toronto suffered a fatality — an elephant — and presented the carcass to the University. Through one interminable summer, to his own distress and that of his colleagues, Pride dissected the corpse in the building's courtyard. Penance indeed!)

The record for long service is held by George Hare, who joined the staff in 1865 as a boy in the dining hall. Apart from a couple of years early on, he never left, graduating to residence porter, then head gardener — responsible, it is said, for filling in a ravine and levelling the back campus. When the University's first proper gymnasium was built in 1893, he was appointed caretaker and filled the swimming pool for its first use. He drained the pool for the last time in 1911, just before the gym was demolished to make way for Hart House. Then he became custodian of the Hart House locker room.

One event in those decades he never forgot. In June 1866, the University Company of the Queen's Own Rifles engaged the Fenians at Ridgeway, near Fort Erie. Five of its members died in that battle. On the long afternoon when their bodies were returned, young George Hare tolled the great bell that hung then in the tower of University College, once every minute from the time the coffins left Port Dalhousie on the *City of Toronto* until they rested in the college reading room.

A little over 63 years later, Hare — white-haired but still sporting a Gay Nineties walrus moustache, a friend to hundreds of graduates and students — left Hart House as usual. A few hours later, in his eightieth year, he died.



To this handful of remembered names, many could be added. A far greater number of men and women have retained the relative anonymity in which they served — an army of caretakers, groundskeepers, hall porters, waitresses, cleaners, cooks, maids, locksmiths, guards, glass-blowers, metalworkers, carpenters. In an atmosphere that emphasizes academic excellence, they are apt to be overlooked. Yet the University could not exist without them. Nor, without contact with them, would many an undergraduate education have been complete. ■

RESTORATION

By Pamela Cornell

The 160-year-old organ barrel is a binary-coded six-channel analogue information-storage device, says philosophy professor Geoffrey Payzant

Hour after hour, Geoffrey Payzant sits in his family room, scratching his head as he pores over graphs and charts of his own devising. His surroundings are cozy and familiar — the ping-pong table, the piano, the workbench — but in that winter of 1978, his mind is roaming through trackless territory, doggedly searching for clues to a 160-year-old mystery.

A professor of aesthetics in the philosophy department, he's on his own time now and his self-imposed task is to get inside the thoughts of one Richard Coates, designer and builder of the first pipe organ in Upper Canada. The reason is that a vital part of the instrument's playing mechanism has become too worn and fragile to be used or even repaired; it must be replaced. Unfortunately, the only person with the necessary knowledge has long since gone to his grave.

Unlike most of today's pipe organs, the Coates instrument is not played by human fingers manipulating a keyboard but by a revolving wooden barrel, bristling with metal "pins" and "bridges", not unlike staples. These collide with the pegs that activate the valves that release the air that blows through the pipes that produce the sound.

Barrel organ technology had been fully developed by 1750 — nine years before Handel's death, the 19th year of

musical sounds to emphasize the poetic and pictorial imagery of the words being sung. He could control the tempo of the music, slowing gracefully at the end of a verse or to emphasize some matter of special solemnity, and speeding up for the exciting parts.

Coates made two barrels for his 1820 organ. On each were 10 hymn tunes, none lasting more than 35 seconds.

"His arrangements have a certain bucolic charm, with little ornaments that might sound irreverent today," says Payzant, who brings far more than a philosopher's analytical mind to the perplexing case of the prickly cylinder. He's an accomplished combination of musician and mechanic.

A former church organist, he has written a book on the brilliant but controversial pianist Glenn Gould. Yet he's equally comfortable applying his hands and mind to the building of model boats and engines from technical drawings he first reduces to miniature scale.

Payzant's music and mechanics merge in the pitch-adjustable keyboard he developed to investigate human tonal perceptions in several esoteric devices he invented to illustrate the physical traits of sound waves. (The latter were copied for use in the physics department.)

But perhaps the key to Payzant's eventual success in rejuvenating the Coates organ is temperament. He's patient, thorough and very stubborn. He's also capable of tremendous enthusiasm and the organ fired his imagination as soon as he heard about it from a neighbour.

The tale begins in 1812, when a religious eccentric named David Willson was formally disowned by the Newmarket-area Quakers for agitating to have music incorporated into the prayer meetings. His expulsion caused other families to withdraw from the group and follow Willson into a new sect, called the Children of Peace or Davidites.

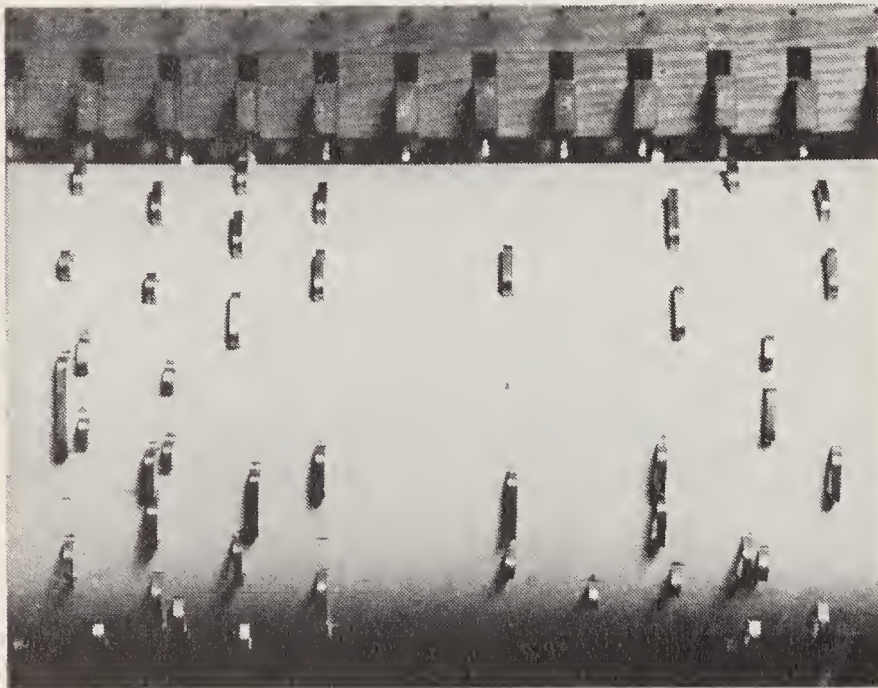
In 1825, they undertook the six-year project that stands as their monument today — the extraordinary temple that dominates the village of Sharon, near Newmarket.

A white frame structure resembling a three-tiered wedding cake, Sharon Temple is perfectly square, to signify that the Children of Peace dealt squarely with everyone. A door in the centre of each side meant everyone could enter on equal footing: from north, south, east or west.

The three storeys represent the Trinity and the second storey — a musicians' gallery — is supported by 12 columns, each inscribed with the name of an apostle.

The focal point of the temple is a pagoda-like structure with glass walls, through which can be seen a Bible, resting on a crimson velvet cushion and lying open at the Ten Commandments. Surrounding this "ark" are four pillars, inscribed with the words faith, hope, charity and love.

But perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the building is the resemblance it bears to a piece of fine furniture, with its



Haydn's life, six years before Mozart's birth and 20 years before Beethoven's. All wrote for barrel organs.

In rural churches, where trained organists were scarce, barrel organs were more common than their keyboard counterparts and were used to teach hymn tunes to the congregation.

The organist playing the Coates organ stood on his right foot, pedalled vigorously with his left foot to activate the bellows, turned the crank with his left hand and used his right to change stops — altering the tone-colour of the





finely reeded doorways and delicate friezework. The visionary behind the temple's design was unquestionably David Willson but the superb craftsmanship was the work of two cabinetmakers, John and Ebenezer Doan.

Once a year, on the Friday evening preceding the September harvest service and feast, candles illuminated the temple's 2,952 window panes to create an ethereal effect that must have dazzled the worshippers as they made their way along the country roads.

So spectacular was the temple considered to be that W.H. Smith's *Canadian Gazetteer* of 1846 devotes more space to the little village of Sharon than to the entire city of Toronto.

Then, in 1866, David Willson died and, without the dynamic leadership of their founder, the sect declined. After the last recorded service in 1889, the complex of Davidite buildings stood neglected, until most were sold or torn down. By 1918, only the temple and David Willson's quaintly arched study were left and they were very dilapidated.

To the rescue came the York Pioneer and Historical Society, Ontario's oldest continuous historical society, founded just two years after Confederation. The York Pioneers purchased the temple and study and opened them as a museum soon after the First World War. Since then, it has been open from May to Thanksgiving and still has a founder's day festival in June.

Though the Children of Peace had a choir from the start, it was not until 1820 that they acquired a band, its leader being none other than Richard Coates.

Born in Yorkshire in 1778, Coates had served as bandmaster with the British Army at the Battle of Waterloo before emigrating to Canada in 1817.

"He was clearly a man of genius," says Payzant.

Besides Coates' much-acclaimed musical achievements, he invented and built optical and navigational instruments, as well as establishing a sawmill at Oakville. He also did two paintings for the Children of Peace and, in 1973, these were included in an exhibition of primitive art assembled by the National Gallery of Canada. But to Payzant, Coates' masterwork is his barrel organ.

"It would have been recognized as a magnificent

instrument anywhere in the world. His barrels are a particular treasure because they contain secrets of the musical styles and conventions of the late 18th century. They're like voices from the past."

When Coates "punched" his tunes into the barrels, he could dictate to the instrument. Payzant had to be circumspect in his approach to reconstruction. He had to find a way to make the organ tell him what to do because, over the years, playing conditions had altered dramatically.

For one thing, the organ had aged, and for another, Payzant's materials would have to be sturdier than Coates' to withstand being played 10 to 20 times a day in the museum. The Coates barrels wouldn't have seen that much use in a year.

Payzant began with a custom-made pine and maple barrel, similar in specifications to Coates'. With a pricetag of \$600, the barrel was not an object for casual experimentation. Before going near it with hammer and pins, Payzant conducted exhaustive tests of pinning materials and techniques, mapping out the exercise on graph paper.

"An organ barrel is an extremely precocious piece of computer technology — a binary-coded six-channel analogue information-storage device — in which each protrusion represents two bits of information, namely when to start playing and when to stop playing on a certain pipe."

Though Payzant deliberately chose a simple hymn tune, *University*, to initiate himself into the vanished art of barrel pinning, he could seldom work more than 35 minutes without his eyes tiring and his concentration slipping. Pinning that first tune took almost an entire summer.

The second tune to be pinned was *St. Anne* (better known as *Oh God Our Help in Ages Past*) but one Coates tune that will never be pinned on the new barrel is *China*, by American composer Timothy Swan. With 24 bars in three-four time, the pins would have to be mere slivers which would be torn to pieces by the organ.

Yet one last opportunity will be provided for an audience of about 400 to hear *China* on the original Coates barrel. The occasion is the gala 150th anniversary concert in Sharon Temple on July 11. Payzant has just finished rehabilitating the historic barrel which, after the performance, will go back into its box with the lid screwed down tight.

Named after a village in Maine, *China* was a traditional funeral hymn ("Why should we mourn departed friends . . .") but, over the years, it came to be considered old-fashioned and unrefined and was gradually excluded when hymn books were revised. One persistent admirer, though, is Canadian composer John Beckwith.

A professor in the Faculty of Music, Beckwith has composed three motets based on *China* and these, too, will be performed in the concert. Featured in the event will be a 15-piece instrumental ensemble, members of the Elmer Iseler Singers and the Toronto Mendelssohn Choir, and actor Robert Christie as David Willson.

The program launches a series of five recitals, constituting the first annual Sharon summer music festival.

"I think the audience will be astounded when they hear the barrel organ," says Payzant. "It sounds magnificent; not at all like a hurdy-gurdy."

He pats the instrument fondly, then adds: "It's funny, you know. I've heard that this organ was once offered to the Royal Ontario Museum and that they turned it down on the grounds that it had no historic significance." ■

FRANCE, SERIOUSLY

By Linda Cahill

Has the culture which produced Molière forgotten how to laugh?

Frustrated, I called out to the aspiring but inaudible young actress on the stage, "*Guez, gueez!*" (rough translation: scream your guts out). All action stopped. Following a shocked silence, I was informed by a young student that this expression was not proper French and definitely inappropriate for a teacher. Little did they suspect the kind of language I would have used in English! This was a sample of the type of attitude — very different from my own — with which the French continually surprised me.

My assignment as an *assistante d'anglais* in France was to teach young French schoolchildren a little about English Canada, while giving them the opportunity to hear and imitate my (English) accent. The assignment I set for myself was to learn as much as I could about the French people.

One of the great blessings of French to a non-native speaker is its dependence on non-verbal means of expression. To an English-speaking person, it's not polite to point. To a French person, it's not only polite, it's necessary. In English, we have intonation patterns which allow us to build emphasis into a spoken sentence. But in French, these patterns are less flexible, thus making other types of emphasis imperative. It's a great help to the non-native speaker, if he is uninhibited enough, for he can cover his lack

of vocabulary with an appropriate gesture and still get involved in animated discussions with table-thumping, foot-stamping and even (heaven forbid) pointing as part of the legitimate communications process.

It is this "body language" which leads to the image of the French as overly forceful or even unfriendly. Unused to strongly physical emphasis, we are taken aback by it and interpret as rudeness or hostility what is merely a different style of expression. When you realize this, conversing with them becomes stimulating, exhilarating, and reveals more positive traits than unfriendliness.

Yet for all that, self-deprecation seems a national pastime in France. When conversing with French people, I was often bombarded with tirades on the dishonesty or laziness of the French. My fencing instructor repeatedly lectured me on their untrustworthy nature. During my travels around the country, I once pointed out a mistake made in my favour by the proprietress of a hotel in adding up the bill. She sang the praises of "honest" North Americans, contrasting us with "typical" French people. I found this paradoxical, because most French people are also proud of being French. Their nationalism is serious business — and they do take themselves seriously. This intrigued me more and more.

As I became fluent, I attempted to sprinkle a little light



humour into my conversations. However, I discovered that French people seldom found my interjections amusing although any non-native French speakers usually laughed. This set up an odd contrast which I resolved to study further, since the reaction of people other than French indicated that it was perhaps not my language skills that were lacking. Were the French less receptive to humour than others?

I was asked to direct students of the theatre workshop in a French translation of a play by Christopher Fry, *A Phoenix Too Frequent*. The play is comic, using the traditionally "tragic" situation of a woman mourning her dead husband as a celebration of life and the versatility of human nature. The translation was a good one. But the instructor of the course, among others, confessed to me that, prior to seeing some of my staging of the play, he had not understood its comic intent. And during the performance, even the servant girl's comic resolve to die along with her mistress because she is "fond of change" failed to provoke a laugh except among the few foreign students present. *They* laughed.

So my own failure to provoke laughter seemed something other than language deficiency on my part. I mean, if even Christopher Fry couldn't make 'em laugh, the cause had to lie deeper than mere presentation.

I began to look around for samples of "native" French humour, for it seemed ridiculous to think that the French never laughed. Yes, naturally they laughed when relaxing among friends in an informal atmosphere; I couldn't say they were totally lacking in the ability. But to observe them in official life, to watch contemporary theatre and movies, one could almost draw that conclusion.

I was particularly struck by the lack of comedy in French theatre. The nearest thing to comedy being produced was heavy satire or "black" comedy — not the type of thing which normally provokes laughter. Frequently, even classical comedy was given a heavy interpretation which removed much of the humour. A production of Molière's *Les Femmes Savantes* (*The Learned Ladies*) at the Comédie Française attempted by means of dark costuming, subdued lighting and underplaying to reduce a very funny play to an "intellectual" problem play. I found this sobering for it illustrated further that the culture which had produced Molière seemed to have forgotten how to laugh.

Why?

French people are not free. The longer I lived in France the more I came to understand the truth of that. Government interference is taken for granted in most areas of existence, as are the paralyzing quantities of red tape required to do anything. French official life becomes an impossible burden, unlikely to be mirth-provoking.

The average citizen must have several cards containing all vital information and technically does not have the right to be anywhere in the country (or out of it) without his national identity card. The police have the right to demand that a citizen produce this card at any time and may detain him if he cannot. Furthermore, each piece of identification must bear a picture which must be updated every few years.

I was nearly unable to enroll in the social security (medicare) program in France because I did not possess any "official" documents containing my parents' names — including my mother's maiden name. The lack of such a document did not seem important to me but the people at my school were shocked to learn that such a piece of identification did not exist in Canada. They are so

inundated with their own bureaucracy that the idea that anyone could live without a large portion of it is totally foreign to them.

Gross inefficiencies within agencies run by the government are also accepted as the norm. And it is frighteningly simple to be drawn into passive acceptance of shoddy service.

Once I was travelling with a friend from Canada on her first visit. We went into a post office to buy stamps and selected one of the lengthy, slow-moving lines. After waiting about 40 minutes, during which my friend became more and more annoyed, we finally reached the window, whereupon the man behind the counter got up and left. Angry and frustrated, my friend asked me where he could have gone. I replied calmly that he could be anywhere — renewing stock, on a coffee break, or even gone home for the day — there was no way of knowing.

"How can people put up with things like that?" my friend stormed. "That guy should be fired."

"He's really no worse than most," I replied

"Doesn't anyone complain? Why doesn't somebody do something about it?" raged my friend. And suddenly I realized how quickly I had reached that stage which permits one to tolerate the intolerable. My friend exemplified an attitude we take for granted in Canada but which exists in few other parts of the world: the attitude that the average citizen is in control and can effect change. Sadly I explained to my friend that this was not so in France.

This encounter brought home to me clearly the extent of the pressure the average French person is under in his daily "official" life, since he faces such incidents as the one in the post office day after day. Is it any wonder that he doesn't laugh? It's downright oppressive: a battery by bureaucracy, red tape and plain incompetence.

Wit is also traditionally an instrument of criticism, and change, and most of the French with whom I was in contact neither expected nor attempted to change things.

I noticed the absence of a letters-to-the-editor column in



most newspapers. But I felt that, even if this feature was provided, it would not get enough material to fill it. People just do not express their ideas publicly in France — with the exception of a very few activist groups. Ordinary people — even educated, intelligent ones — seem to feel that what they say will make no difference to the way things are and prefer to let them remain so.

It's a nightmare which is creeping gradually into all facets of life, professional and personal, becoming more encumbering all the time.

The French do have one means of dealing with the burden of their over-regulated society. It is the national pastime to cut corners and disobey minor rules and regulations. Speed limit and parking signs exist only to decorate the roadways as far as they are concerned. If one is caught speeding, there is a better than even chance that someone somewhere in the mammoth bureaucratic system will misplace the ticket or summons. French people live from day to day looking for such opportunities and I heard many gleeful accounts of people who had "got lucky".

But cheating the system is not beating it, for whatever one may get away with, the system remains. This method of living with the intolerable is, I think, the root of the self-deprecation of which I have already spoken. So many French people told me of the dishonesty of the French; they must feel themselves so because of cutting the corners they do. An underlying feeling of guilt could also be a contributing factor to the disappearance of humour from official life.

Yet, for all that, France is not a police state. I do not believe that people avoid criticizing because they are afraid. They are still free enough to speak their minds; they just don't want to.

Although French society has not officially retained a hierarchical structure, the tradition has remained fixed in the hearts and minds of the French. There is, in theory, equality of opportunity but most people assume that their children will follow in their own footsteps, be they labourers, professionals or scholars. People have a free vote (though choices are narrowing) but once the winning party has been

selected, they do not expect to have any further voice in the business of government. This left-over concept of the rulers and the ruled has allowed — even forced — the government to take on a paternal role, much as Louis XIV did in the 17th century, and this tendency has grown to unwieldy proportions.

A distinct hierarchy is even built into the language: there is an upper and a lower class way of speaking, as is the case in Britain. In North America, we do distinguish between "proper" language and slang but it is not uncommon for educated, "higher class" people to use slang to add emphasis or flair. In France, the language must be kept "pure", so no such mix is allowed. There is also reverse snobbery — lower class people prefer to stick exclusively to "their" language, including slang and some very colourful expressions which enrich the language. It was this distinction which caused my young students to berate me for saying "guez". Even they instinctively classed language.

Thus it seems to be from people's own attitudes that a stiffly regulated society has grown. They do not even seem aware that change may be possible, or desirable. Looking back, it seems hard to believe that people allow themselves to be trapped in this situation. Yet I know from experience how easy it is to accept even the impossible as the norm and, once accepted, how difficult to change one's expectations.

When seen from France, Canada extends invitingly, a vast land of freedom and opportunity for all. The problems with which we must deal seem almost negligible, for what can outweigh the knowledge — not only knowledge but gut feeling — that we are free to act, criticize and, if necessary, change the way things are. We know we have power, even if we never attempt to exercise it, and this is what differentiates us from the French. I hope so, anyway.

I loved France, of course, and the people. It's a great place to visit and a good place to live . . . for a while. ■

Linda Cahill, 7T9, studied drama and French at Scarborough College and, in 1979-80, taught at a school in Montpellier.



Taddle Creek Society



The Taddle Creek Society will mark its first anniversary with a reception in the last week of June when the University will express its appreciation to members by bringing them together for a summer evening.

The society, named for the creek that used to meander through the campus, was established in 1980 to honour donors who contribute \$300 to \$999 in a single calendar year. Founding members of the Taddle Creek Society number 397, including anonymous donors.

Taddle Creek Members, 1980

Charlotte M. Abbott, Wilson Abernethy, Mary J. Affleck, David M. Aiton, Prof. Margaret M. Allemang, Helen E. Allen, Peter A. Allen, A.D. Amos, Rt. Rev. Neville M. Anderson, Wallace Anderson, Mr. & Mrs. A. Andruchiw, Katherine B. Anglin, Phil Anisman, Dr. George E.R. Anthony, A. Edward Archibald, K.A. Armson, Annie M. Armstrong, Robert J. Armstrong, D. Rodwell Austin, Nyles C. Ayers, William J. Ayers.

John E. Bahen, Ronald A. Baines, Prof. Katharine L. Ball, Kathleen F. Banbury, John Carson Bannon, John D. Barrington, Ann Noble Bartlet, James C.U. Bayly, Mr. & Mrs. C.W. Beardmore, Prof. Frank Beare, Dr. G.H. Beaton, Allan L. Beattie, John Beatty, Kathy H. Becker, Sheldon D. Benner, William J. Bennett, O.B.E., William A.M. Birt, Dorothy L. Bishop, Bernard I. Black, Q.C., Prof. C.R. Blake, Anne L. Blatz, W.R.C. Blundell, Lucille M.M. Bonin, Sharon J. Bradley, Ruth O.F. Bradshaw, Geraldine K. Brafield, Paul C. Brafield, Carman Paul Breuls, T.L. Brock, Dr. & Mrs. H. Brown, Mrs. M.E. Brown, R.D. Brown, J. Edwin F. Bryan, His Hon. Judge Nelles V. Buchanan, Allan F. Buell, Walter Buleychuk, R.

Lawrence Bullen, Francis N.J. Burke-Gaffney, A. Stevenson Burton, Dr. P.N. Byrne.

William R. Campbell, Arthur Caplan, Dr. C. Filip Cappa, W.R. Carroll, Paul H.D. Carson, Frank W. Casserly, A.R. Chapman, Dr. J.S. Chapman, W. Donald A. Chisholm, Prof. E.G. Clarke, Prof. M.E. Cockshutt, Muriel A. Code, Carl C. Cole, E. Bernice Coleman, Dr. Cecil T. Collins-Williams, Lloyd Seth Collison, Dr. A.W. Conn, E. Kendall Cork, Rev. C. Graham Cotter, John G. Cowan, Peter S.H. Cragg, Prof. George B. Craig, Gerald M. Craig, Geoffrey Craven, David A. Creery, Sally Joyce Creighton, Dr. Morley J. Crockford, John B. Cronyn, Mrs. A.E. Croombs.

Gwendolynne M. Davenport, James N. Davidson, Gordon T. Davies, Harold J. Dawe, John S. Deacon, John J. Del Grande, George A. Delhomme, Duncan R. Derry, Prof. Shashi B. Dewan, Donald A. Dickson, William P. Dies, W.J.H. Disher, R.M. Dixon, Richard F. Donnelly, Desmond Doyle, Christopher K. Driscoll, Eleanor M. Dryden, Douglas P. Drysdale, Dr. Jacalyn Mary Duffin, His. Hon. Judge Frank E.B. Dunlap, Edward A. Dunlop (Deceased), J.B. Dunlop.

L. Nelson Earl, Kathleen C. Eaton, Peter B.M. Eby, George W. Edmonds, Mary A. Egan, Reinhart Paul Ehrlich, Harold H. Elliott, Leslie E. Elliott, Florence H.M. Emory, Mrs. J. Eros, John D.A. Evers, Anna P. Ewen.

V. Feldbrill, R.R. Finch, Donald G. Finlayson, J. Colin Finlayson, Jean M. Fisher, Dr. Ross O. Fisk, John F. Foote, E. Joyce Forster, Dr. & Mrs. J.U. Frei, Willis P. Freyseng, Prof. H. Northrop Frye, William K. Fullerton.

L. Gallant, John A. Galt, Herbert B. Ganton, Lieven H.T. Gevaert, J. Walter Giles, Dr. Christiaan Glerum, Ann L. Glover, Edward J. Glover, Stuart P. Godwin, C. Warren Goldring, Olive L. Gordon, Prof. G. Gracie, Weldon Green, A. Thomas Griffis, J.J. Ronald Grills.

Rt. Rev. J. Gerald Hanley, Betty D. Hardie, Peter J. Hare, William Harvey, D. Heatherington, George T. Heintzman, Arthur E. Hemstreet, Arthur J. Herridge, John Oswald Hinds, Prof. John E. Hodgetts, Mr. & Mrs. L.E. Hofstetter, Campbell C. Holmes, William Robert Holt, Terence G. Honer, Richard Honey, George K. Hopper, Albert T. Horton, Robert H. Howard, R.K. Hubbard, John P. Hudson, Dean Emeritus F. Norman Hughes, Prof. J.N.P. Hume, Michael Roberts Hunter, His. Hon. Judge Bernard W.

Hurley, Jean Hutchinson, Ross S. Hyslop.

Frederick P. Ide, David M. Isbister.

H.N.R. Jackman, Mary C. Jackman, Roy A. Jackman, Edith T. Jarvi, James F. Johnson, R.S. Johnson, Sharon A. Johnston, W.J. Johnston, A.R.C. Jones, Helen S. Jones, James H. Joyce, Edward A. Jupp.

Howard L. Kaplan, James J. Kavanagh, David R. Kennedy, Mrs. J.D. Ketchum, Joseph P. Kiefer, Nellie N. King, E. Douglas Kingsbury, Henry W. Kinnear, J.C. Kinnear, John N. Kinsey, Marina Kyne.

Margaret Elinor Laidman, G. Blair Laing, Henry E. Langford, Richard B. Larson, Donald Gordon Lawson, Seng-Wee Lee, William E. Lee, Prof. D.V. Love, John A. Lowden, Joseph W. Lstiburek, Prof. Lawrence E.M. Lynch, Mrs. W.J. Lyons, Thomas Lytollis.

Reginald Mabey, Prof. H.R. MacCallum, Prof. James R. MacGillivray, Charles M. MacGregor, Dr. Lorne E. MacLachlan, Mrs. A.M. MacLaren, Dr. Duncan A. MacLulich, Prof. C. Brough Macpherson, J. Jay Macpherson, Wallace Crawford Macpherson, Henry H. Madill, O.B.E., Mary F. Mallon, Professor O.J. Marshall, Dr. John C. Martin, Dr. J.M. Martin, William S.A. Martin, Muriel A. Masson, P.G. Masterson, Ireal A. Mayson, Evelyn H. McAndrew, Jean C.L. McArthur, S. Eleanor McBride, John A. McCallum, James W. McCutcheon, Q.C., Robert L. McDonald, William Leonard McDonald, W. Hilda McFarlen, J. Sheila McIlraith, John D. McKellar, Q.C., John W. McKinley, Bessie H. McLaughlin, W. Basil McLaughlin, J. Wesley McNutt, Rev. Thomas G. Melady, William R. Meredith, Mrs. H. Michell, William Michelson, Eric J. Miglin, Peter J. Moloney, O.B.E., Edward J. Monahan, Eleanor Agnes Monahan, Warren S. Moore, William A. Moore, Isabelle E. Morrison, Robert George Kerr Morrison, Russell J. Morrison, Rev. John E.J. Moss.

Dr. Milton Naiberg, K.V. Namjoshi, Mary L. Northway, Nicholas Novick.

Rt. Rev. J. Arthur O'Brien, Melville J.B. O'Donohue, Timothy F. O'Leary, Prof. Mariel P. O'Neill-Karch, Miss E.H. Osler, Edgar L. Outhouse.

Stewart Roy Paisley, Lillie Pallett, William H. Palm, Sam Papaconstantinou, Beverley D. Park, Prof. Edna W. Park, J.B. Petrenko,

Alumni News/ By Joyce Forster

Governing Council Elections

The Electoral College has announced the election of Burton A. Avery, E. Helen Pearce and R. Gordon Romans as alumni members of the Governing Council. They will serve from July 1, 1981 to June 30, 1984.

Burt Avery (Eng. '46) is director of engineering, Orenda Division, Hawker Siddeley Canada Inc. He is a former vice-president of the Engineering Alumni Council and an active volunteer in community health organizations and Rotary International. First elected to Governing Council three years ago, he is currently a member of the Executive Committee and the Business Affairs Committee.

Helen (Easton) Pearce (Vic '57) teaches at Centennial College of Applied Arts and Technology. She has been a member of the Board of Regents of Victoria, co-president of the Victoria Alumni Association, chairman of the College of Electors and president of the University of Toronto Alumni Association (UTAA), and has been active as a volunteer in community health services. Helen was also elected for the first time in 1978 and serves on the Executive Committee and the Planning and Resources Committee.

Gordon Romans (Vic '33, M.A. '34, Ph.D. '42) is a former president of the Victoria Alumni Association, a former president of UTAA and a founding member of the Senior Alumni Association. He is currently an alumni representative to the council of the School of Continuing Studies. Before retirement, he was

director of the Insulin Division of Connaught Laboratories Ltd.

Rescue Operation

Hamilton (Tony) Cassels is chairing the alumni committee which expects to raise \$150,000 of private money so that Varsity Arena can continue operation. A special appeal has gone out with the spring Varsity Fund mailing.

Same Time This Year

The annual meeting of the University of Toronto Alumni Association will take place in Hart House at 8 p.m. on May 21. Speaker of the evening will be Provost David Strangway. Although he is better known as "the moon rocks man", the provost has demonstrated an impressive grasp of the University's academic problems and possibilities in his first year in office. All alumni are invited to hear him and meet him at the reception following.

Historic Transfer

Spring Reunion, June 5, 6 and 7 will honour graduates of '11, '21, '31, '41 and '56. It will also honour a graduate of '94. A brief dedication ceremony will mark the formal transfer of the "Flanders Fields" plaque from the atrium of University College to Soldiers' Tower. Lt. Col. John McCrae, soldier-poet who wrote "In Flanders Fields" graduated from U.C. in 1894. For many years the bronze memorial plaque carrying the poem hung in the atrium of U.C. until the college restoration forced its removal.

A sad aside to this otherwise heartwarming ceremony is the recent



Donald F. Philps, Paul J. Phoenix, E.B.M. Pinnington, Dr. Christopher Pinto, Kathleen Pinto, Rev. Edwin J.A. Platt, David W.P. Pretty, William Preyde, Dr. K. Pritchard, Milton F. Pummell (Deceased).

Gertrude J. Quinlan.

John A. Radford, Dr. C. Ramsay, Prof. A. Rapoport, Edward B. Ratcliffe, Charles E. Rathe, E. Ruth Redelmeier, F. Vincent Regan, Q.C., Rose Revitch, Robert J. Richardson, William E. Ricker, Stephen A. Ripley, Robert Charles Roach, John J. Robinette, Q.C., Prof. E.A. Robinson, Robert B. Robinson, Rhena V. Robson, R. Ross, F. Roy Rutherford.

I. Marie Salter, Dr. R.B. Salter, Joan M. Samuel, Nicholas F. Scandiffio, Ella Mary Schmidt, Henry E.C. Schulman, Rochelle Schwartz, P.C. Scott, Alvin J. Shaw, His Hon. Judge William J. Shea, Most Rev. John M. Sherlock, Edward Short, M. Margaret Slater, Deane H. Smith, Prof. K.C. Smith, Mary K. Smith, S.G. Smith, John T. Somerville, Doris Louise Speirs, Francis M. Spencer, III, Prof. R. Sramek, Dr. Ronald W. Stark, Harold E. Stassen, Gray M. Steele, E. John Stevens, Ellen W. Stevenson, Sophia M. Stockwell, Mr. & Mrs. Ronald E. Strange, Colin M.A. Strathy, Beth L. Stuart-Brown, Dr. Ralph S. Stubbings, June A.M. Surgey, C. Burke Swan, Dr. James B. Sweeney, A.L. Ken Switzer.

John E. Tait, Barry W. Tannock, A. Elizabeth Tatham, Prof. J. Gilbert C. Templeton, Dr. J. Thiessen, Clare P. Thompson, Elizabeth J. Thompson, Helen M. Thomson, John Thomson, Paula S. Thomson, Wilfred F. Thorne, Richard L. Torrance, James M. Tory, David Alfred Tovell, Frederick W. Town, Mr. & Mrs. H.L. Tracy, Patricia Turner, Dr. Tim Turner, William I.M. Turner, Dr. Albert T. Tysdale.

Heljot Veevo, Henry T. Vehovec, Gerolf G. Vogt.

Bruce Park Wallace, Malcolm B. Wallace, Mary H. Walmsley, Paul B. Walters, Irving Waltman, Frederick A. Wansbrough, G. Dorothy Ward, Rev. John A. Warren, Mary Margaret Webb, John R. Weir, J.F. Whitfield, Doreen M.I. Williams, L. Jane Williams, M. Eileen Williams, Madam Justice Bertha Wilson, George W. Wilson, Gordon A. Wilson, John C. Wilson, Robert Winsborrow, Dr. George E. Wodehouse, Frank W. Woods, Lepha A. Woods, John C. Wright, M.E. Wright.

Burle Yolles.

Walter S. Zaruby, Joseph A.J. Zeglinski, Ethelwyn B. Zimmerman.



death of Professor Humphrey Milnes, the University College archivist. Professor Milnes rescued and preserved the plaque during the restoration and persuaded the U.C. Alumni Association to fund its remounting in the Tower. Bud Milnes was a scholar of distinction and a dedicated archivist and University historian but he will be remembered best by alumni as an incomparable guide for those who were privileged to accompany him on the tours of the college he served and loved.

Keeping in touch

Graduating into a nine-to-five job can be a letdown after the stimulation of campus life.

For many, university was a reassuring setting in which they could exercise their interest in an array of activities — from sports to politics, dances to dramatics — often rounded out with earnest discussions lasting far into the night.

But nostalgic graduates needn't settle for wistful memories. A new organization is being established to help U of T alumni keep in touch with the kinds of friends and activities they enjoyed as students.

The Young Alumni Association (YAA) is planning an ongoing program of social, recreational and educational activities. Services and events are being designed by and for recent graduates to help strengthen the University's alumni community.

A theatre evening on campus, followed by a get-together with actors and director, is planned for June 26. In October, there will be a four-week lecture series on money management and investments for the new income earner.

Members of the YAA will also be sought out for suggestions on University policy. Being close in age and experience to today's students, young alumni are in a good position to understand the personal, academic and financial problems students are facing, as well as the issues that concern the student body as a whole.

The YAA is not to be confused with the Young Alumni Club (YAC), a social group open to Toronto-area alumni of any university.

For more information about the Young Alumni Association, call Glenna Sims at (416) 978-8990 or write to her at Alumni House, 47 Willcocks Street, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1.

Branching Out

New alumni association branches are off and running in Edmonton and Winnipeg. In Edmonton, Judy Epstein and Bea (Thorkelson) Ramsay are in charge. In Winnipeg, it's Douglas Hutchinson and Georgette McInnis. There's also new branch activity in Rochester, N.Y., where Richard Dollinger is superintending the revival of a once-active Varsity outpost.

Open College: Open Mind

The second annual Alumni College will be in session the weekend of May 29 to 31. The topic this year is "Soundings: Canada in the 1980's" and speakers include Chancellor George Ignatieff — "Canada in the North-South Dialogue"; Professors Allan Borodin and John Mylopoulos of the Department of Computer Science — "Computers: Teaching, Research and Applications"; Professor O.J.C. Runnalls, Faculty of Applied Science and Engineering — "Energy: Issues and Options"; and Professor Derek Mendes da Costa of the Faculty of Law — "Law Reform". Rates are single

(no residence) \$100, with residence \$134 and double (no residence) \$200, with residence \$244. All fees include four lectures, six meals and a dramatic presentation. You can register by calling Bill Gleberzon, assistant director of Alumni Affairs, at (416) 978-8991.

Never Before Have So Many

Retiring Varsity Fund chairman Warren Goldring reports with satisfaction that the Fund has shown a 17.5 per cent increase in dollars to bring the 1980 total over \$1 million for the first time. This dollar increase has come in spite of a slight decrease in the number of donors.

His Father Sent Him to U.C. But . . .

Although he is a graduate of U.C. '34, retiring UTAA president Douglas Kingsbury will receive the degree of Doctor of Sacred Letters from Victoria University at its Convocation on May 7. Doug is known throughout the United Church for his many years of dedicated lay service, culminating in his recent presidency of Toronto Conference. ■

Trust for Bertie Wilkinson

Bertie Wilkinson died in February at the age of 83. He was a distinguished scholar with an international reputation for his many works on the political and constitutional history of medieval England.

He was born in Yorkshire and studied with T.F. Tout at the University of Manchester at a time when it was one of the foremost centres of historical studies in the English-speaking world. He lectured at the University of South Wales until 1938 when he came to Canada to join the Department of History of the U of T.

His reputation as a scholar brought wide recognition. He was elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada, as well as corresponding fellow of the Mediaeval Academy of America. In 1968 he received the Royal Society's Chauveau Medal. In 1969 the U of T gave him an honorary doctorate. Ten years later he received an honorary doctorate from the Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies in recognition of his considerable contributions to the development of medieval studies in Toronto. In particular, he was instrumental in encouraging the activities of a medieval club at the

University which later became the basis for the present Centre for Medieval Studies which he organized in 1964 and of which he was made the first director.

His retirement from the University in 1969 found him continually active in teaching and research. He was invited to spend a year carrying on his studies as a member of the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton. He spent another year teaching medieval history at the University of British Columbia. And he remained a regular participant in the many activities of the Centre for Medieval Studies, attending lectures and conferences in which he took an active part.

He will best be remembered, however, by generations of U of T graduates as a stimulating lecturer and teacher, warm of personality and charitable of spirit. He made of the old first year honours history course a living experience, the very mention of which still stirs memories of Brunhilda and Fredegund, and much, much more.

A trust fund has been established in his memory. There will be many whose fond memory of a great teacher will prompt them to make a donation. Those who wish to do so should send their cheque to the Bertie Wilkinson Scholarship Trust, c/o University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1.

UNCLAIMED DIPLOMAS

If one of the many unclaimed May/June 1979 diplomas at Student Record Services, 167 College St., is yours, why not pick it up or have it sent to you by registered mail?

In the first case, you will need identification; if you send someone, a signed letter of authorization will be required.

In the second case, write to: Diplomas, Student Record Services, University of Toronto, Toronto M5S 1A1. Enclose a certified cheque or money order for \$4.50 and provide all of the following information, typed or printed: graduation name; address; date of convocation; degree; faculty or school, college if applicable; student number. If your name has changed since graduation, please provide some proof of your former name.

All unclaimed May/June 1979 diplomas will be destroyed on Sept. 1, 1981. A replacement fee, currently \$25, will be assessed after that date.

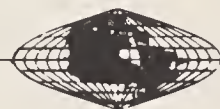
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OTTAWA	HAMILTON	THUNDER BAY	EDMONTON	VICTORIA



Where are they now?

The University tries to keep in touch with its alumni for a variety of reasons, for example, to ensure that they receive *The Graduate*. However, we have lost contact with many of them because we do not have their *current addresses*. If you know the whereabouts of anyone on the following list, could you please send the information to Alumni Records, 47 Willcocks St., University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1, or telephone 978-2139. Your assistance will be appreciated.

Faculty of Medicine (MD)

Paul M. Read (31);
Abraham John Reinhorn (29);
Robert Daniel Roe (57);
David B. Rosehill (35);
Hugh M. Ross (26);
Louis Ross (31);
Mervyn Bernard Ross (59);
Edward P. Salem (42);
Irwin Salkin (42);
Joseph N. Scher (26);
Sydney Scher (36);
Sheldon Schiller (60);
Eric H. Schmidt (46);
Joseph M. Schoenfeld (39);

Reba E. Schoenfeld (31);
Isaac E. Seltzer (25);
Joseph Seltzer (33);
Harry L. Sills (40);
Solomon A. Simon (42);
James W. Sinclair (18);
Donald Bell Smith (31);
Hugh Herbert Smith (23);
Jeanne H. Smith (*née* Montgomery) (42);
Sherwood Paul Smith (65);
William Davy Smith (46);
Maurice Snitman (26);
Sydney Arn Solway (43);
Izzy Sommers (61);
Ross V. Speck (51);
Alvin R. Spector (56);
Maurice Paul G. St. Aubin (46);
David B. Stark (43);
Ruth E. Stauffer (45);
Sandor George Stern (61);
Carroll Keith Stevenson (28);
William Harold S. Stockton (35);
Margaret Hilda McGillivray (*née* Stoute) (56);
Irvin Strathman (46);
Harry Strauss (32);
Danny Strub (66).

We would like to thank all who answer these requests. We are grateful for your help.

BURSARIES, NOT FREE TUITION

My father was a barber. I grew up in a public housing complex. We were poor. I was able to go to Princeton University in 1950 because Princeton had a generous financial aid program; 40 per cent of my classmates were on financial aid of some type. For Princeton recognized (and the same is true of Harvard and Yale) that if it wanted academic excellence, it could not select its student body on the basis of ability to pay.

At Toronto, because of the funding problem, we now risk losing that quality of openness, of accessibility based purely on merit. The answer is not free tuition. But at the same time, students who are fully qualified to attend the U of T should not be denied that opportunity simply because they don't have the money. What we need most is a greatly expanded program of loans and bursaries.

In the past, Governing Council too often has been divided to provide positive direction. For the last decade we have fought and re-fought the stale battles of the '60s. As a result, we have concentrated on those issues that divide us rather than the most important issue that unites us: our common concern for academic excellence.

As faculty, we have too often ignored the role of our alumni. As Joyce Forster pointed out in her excellent article in the Nov./Dec. issue, the alumni are the life's blood of the great American universities. But the sad fact is that for years we've

neglected our own graduates at U of T, and I don't mean simply as a source of funds. Part of the stature of the Ivy League schools derives from the continuing involvement of their alumni.

Mrs. Forster indicated several areas for greater alumni participation: specific services and expertise the University could not otherwise afford; increasing alumni involvement at faculty and college level; greater alumni access to the intellectual resources of the University; greater appreciation and recognition for those alumni who do give their time and money.

As a member of the faculty (and alumnus of an analogous American university), I agree completely. And let us use the Governing Council structure effectively to accomplish these goals.

For the crucial matter of underfunding, let us recognize that faculty, staff, students and alumni share a common interest in maintaining the academic excellence of the University of Toronto. Tough problems require tough, imaginative solutions. And teamwork. By pulling together in a broad coalition for the University, the present funding problem can be whipped.

First, we must ensure that the

enormity of the problem is fully recognized. It is not sufficient that the University community is aware. The public, our political leaders, the media, all must understand the threat to accessible, quality education which 10 years of systematic underfunding have produced. To quote the editorial in the Nov./Dec. issue: "When the problem is political, the solution must be political . . ."

Second, we must be determined to correct this deficiency. If radical surgery is needed, we must be prepared to accept it. If more imaginative investment policies are in order, then these must be undertaken. And above all, we must insist on purposeful administrative leadership by those to whom the future of the University has been entrusted.

Finally, we must put aside past differences. We must recognize that the University is in peril and concentrate our efforts on the basic source of the problem: insufficient provincial funding. Until we do, we cannot expect the situation to improve.

Jean Edward Smith
Department of Political Economy
Former president, Faculty Association



ILLUSTRATION BY JACQUELINE CRAWLEY

As a University of Toronto graduate, I have high expectations of both my university and the editor of *The Graduate*. In this regard, your editorial in the March/April issue entitled "Arrogance and Elitism" and the U of T proposal to which it alludes would have been improved by more research prior to going public.

Although Dean Arthur Kruger [Faculty of Arts and Science] has stated on several occasions that "the committee had little more than titles for subjects in group F", these nine subjects have been placed in a restricted classification for a three-year period. I feel that this interim classification has not been arrived at by the kind of argument and review which academics would ordinarily regard as adequate. For subjects found to belong properly in groups A to E, will the University succeed in redressing the damage done to the image of these subjects? Will it even try to do so?

The dean stated at the Academic Affairs Committee meeting that all other universities in Ontario have discussed this proposal at length and are prepared to follow the U of T's lead as soon as its policy is in place. Your editorial reflects a different view. Which one is correct? Your reference to "a handful of 'bird courses' being taught in grade 13" also seems at odds with repeated statements by President Ham, Dean Kruger and Prof. Leo Zakuta [chairman of the ad hoc committee reviewing grade 13 credits] to the effect that they are not questioning quality, only appropriateness of content as to whether these courses should be classified in groups A to E. And did the dean not use more specific words than "clueless" which you could have quoted to indicate the capabilities of first year students?

I, for one, am dismayed when my favourite university and the editor of *The Graduate* stoop to the use of assumptions, stereotypes and innuendoes to support their position. I am

An article published in the Jan./Feb. issue of The Graduate, entitled "Fundamentals of Growth," was attributed to Prof. James D. King. In fact, Prof. King drew on ideas expressed by Prof. Albert A. Bartlett of the University of Colorado who has frequently urged colleagues to use whatever means are at their disposal to help publicize the fallacies of unchecked growth.

Editor

distressed to see the university's image in the community damaged in the eyes of many and laughed at by others. And I'm not sure how you can clarify the above inconsistencies after your publication has been circulated worldwide to 130,000 homes.

*A.R. Sandy Head
Co-ordinator of Family Studies
Board of Education for the
Borough of Scarborough*

Dean Kruger says his understanding is that no other university is following U of T's lead. As to words more specific than "clueless", the dean has also used "innumerate" and "illiterate".

Editor

We write with reference to an interesting and challenging article about alumni support and recognition by the University written by Joyce Forster in your Nov./Dec. 1980 issue.

Among its many valuable ideas and observations, there was one complaint, which was unfounded and therefore unfortunate, about a seeming lack of recognition. She stated correctly that there is prominently displayed a "plaque commemorating the foundation which donated the money to restore the atrium" in University College but went on to imply that there was no "plaque of similar prominence anywhere in the college" to recognize the great and successful efforts of the alumni on behalf of the U.C. Restoration Fund. ("If there is such a plaque . . . I have never seen it.")

Shortly after reading the article, we showed Mrs. Forster that there was indeed such a plaque prominently mounted on the landing of the stone stair to East Hall, facing the bust of Cumberland and not far from the plaque honouring the foundation. The wording is not precisely what Mrs. Forster would have wished to see (and we agree) but it is clearly the sort of memorial which she wanted to find.

It is most important that the loyal, generous and hard-working graduates of U.C. should not be misled into feeling that their efforts have gone unrecognized.

*R.M.H. Shepherd
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*J.A. Surgey
Alumni Officer*

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Your "Arrogance and Elitism" in the March/April *Graduate* was a joy to read. The U of T is much too late to create "havoc in our high schools". Surely it has been created over many years by the abolition of the departmental examinations and the "credit" system.

Did anyone notice the great tide of scholarship which swept Ontario immediately after these examinations were scrapped? High schools which achieved one or two Ontario scholarships each year were suddenly able to produce 18 or 19 (this may be exaggerated, but not much). Pupils began to receive higher marks which made them, and often their parents, very happy.

And many post-secondary institutions including universities accepted these marks as a basis for admission.

E.C. Rodway
Dundas

Now that you have identified my problem as burn-out, would you please print some solutions in your next issue?

Relax and enjoy my work? How does a single parent relax when the pay cheque means survival?

Spend more time with my family? After eight hours a day at work, the other 16 are spent at hockey games, Little League, etc. Being a Super Mum takes 24-hours a day.

Have an affair? Love to — but all the single men my age are being Super Dads in their spare time.

All is not lost. I scored 72 points in the burn-out quiz. It could have been 75! Perhaps there is hope for me . . .

Judith Mitchell
Victoria

As one who has written for the *Toike Oike*, I was saddened by the fact that the *Toike* might not publish ever again. My concern was so great that I approached several fellow alumni of the engineering class of 8T0 for assistance in producing articles to try to keep the *Toike* alive. I certainly did not want the *Toike* to die from apathy, leaving one with the impression that perhaps the controversy had killed it instead.

I should have expected that my fears were unwarranted. The publishers of the *Toike Oike* had played

Letters may be edited to fit available space and should be addressed: Graduate Letters, Department of Information Services, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1.

the best joke on us all in its 70 years by putting out an issue in February, barely a month after the "Very Last Toike" appeared, which satirized the TTC. Not only is the *Toike Oike* still alive, it has improved!

Robert J.M. Anderson
Toronto

I congratulate *The Graduate* and Morris Wayman for his recent article titled "Our Next Nobel Prize: Getting off Parnassus and back to earth".

Prof. Wayman has articulated clearly and persuasively my own concerns about U of T. However, I would go further. As the University becomes increasingly "at" rather than "of" Toronto, it not only fails to attract the creative people, the doers and the performers, but it also loses and repels them. As a result, most of those who are retained tend simply to add to what Prof. Wayman calls the "analytical overburden".

Is it any wonder that government, industry and the general public no longer turn to the University for useful guidance on real life issues? I think some combination of the editorial plea for "academic excellence" with Prof. Wayman's appeal for "relevance" would go a long way to promote increased confidence, and funding, for the University of Toronto.

Monte Hummel
Cookstown

Truly enjoy your fine magazine and look forward to receiving it — particularly *The Graduate Test*.

I am in complete accord with your response to the letter by Robin Silver in the March/April issue. I like the challenge of being able to complete the puzzle and my prize is the satisfaction I get. In the unlikely possibility of my solution or response being drawn from the number of entries received, I would be happy to have my book sent to Robin Silver.

Thanks very much for sending three back issues to complete my collection.

George Brisbois
Thornhill

Having finally completed *The Graduate Test* No. 10 after a mere month of agony, I must face an unpleasant truth about myself — I must be heavily into S/M without knowing it. How you make me suffer — and I love it!!

Bev Russell
Agincourt

Exams, tuition, death and taxes

For most of us, death and taxes are life's immutables. But for students, it's exams and tuition fees. And this fall, they will have to reach a little deeper into their pockets to come up with the 10 per cent increase in the cost of attending the U of T. The price tag on arts and science programs has risen from \$835 to \$915, and applied science and engineering tuition will jump from \$922 to \$1,014. The most expensive academic area will remain the doctor of medicine degree, with fees increasing from \$1,089 to \$1,198. Student leaders, who predictably want to hold the line on fees, argue the increase will place too heavy a burden on many students, since government and University assistance programs have not kept pace with increases in tuition over the past few years. Last year, tuition at U of T increased an average 14.3 per cent. The latest increase will maintain the students' share of the cost of higher education at about 14 per cent.

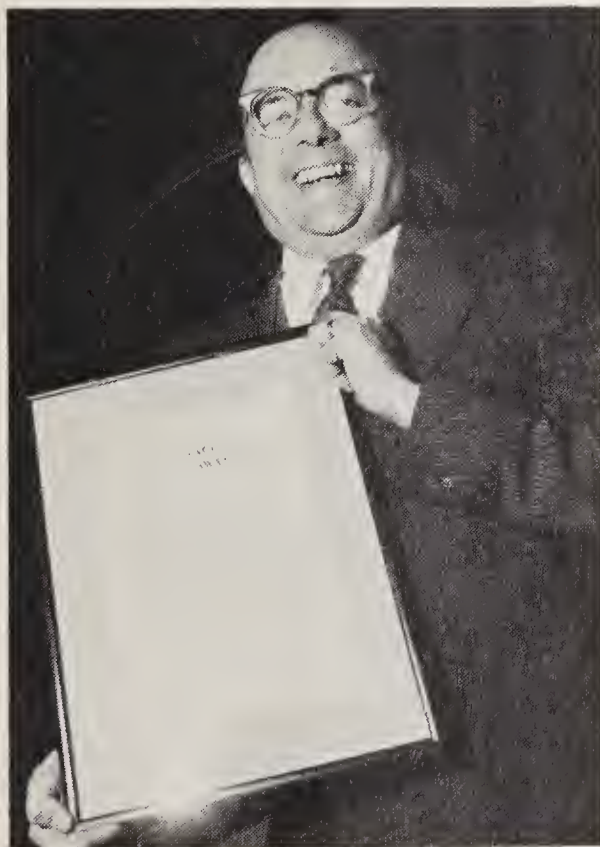


"Second skin" promotes healing

University researchers have developed a "second skin" to cover burns and serious wounds while they heal. The protective shield is made of a gel treated with an antibiotic and reinforced with fine cotton gauze. Existing dressings must be changed at least once a day but the inexpensive temporary skin developed by Professor Paul Wang and technician Nimet Samji at the Institute of Biomedical Engineering can be left in place for up to one month. What's more, it promotes more rapid and effective healing than materials now used, reducing skin contraction around the wound by 85 to 95 per cent, thereby providing a better base for skin grafting. The gel is currently being tested on human subjects and mass production should begin in about three years. Wang is negotiating licensing arrangements with companies in Great Britain, Europe and the U.S.

Faculty award to Stefan Dupré

Professor J. Stefan Dupré is a man in demand. He has the distinction of having been the only non-scientist ever appointed to the Science Council of Canada. He was the 1978 Mackenzie King Professor in Canadian Studies at Harvard University, an invitation extended to outstanding scholars in the field. Last year he was in the news for his work as chairman of Ontario's royal commission studying asbestos hazards. He consistently receives top teaching evaluations from his undergraduate students. And of his academic prowess with graduate students, School of Graduate Studies dean John Leyerle says: "Professor Dupré has a formative influence because his mind moves with the logic of a judicial review and the relaxed style of a coffeehouse." The most recent tribute Dupré has received is the University of Toronto Alumni Faculty Award, established six years ago to honour a faculty member for academic excellence combined with outstanding service to both the University and the community. The 55-year-old professor graduated from the University of Ottawa, then received his PhD in

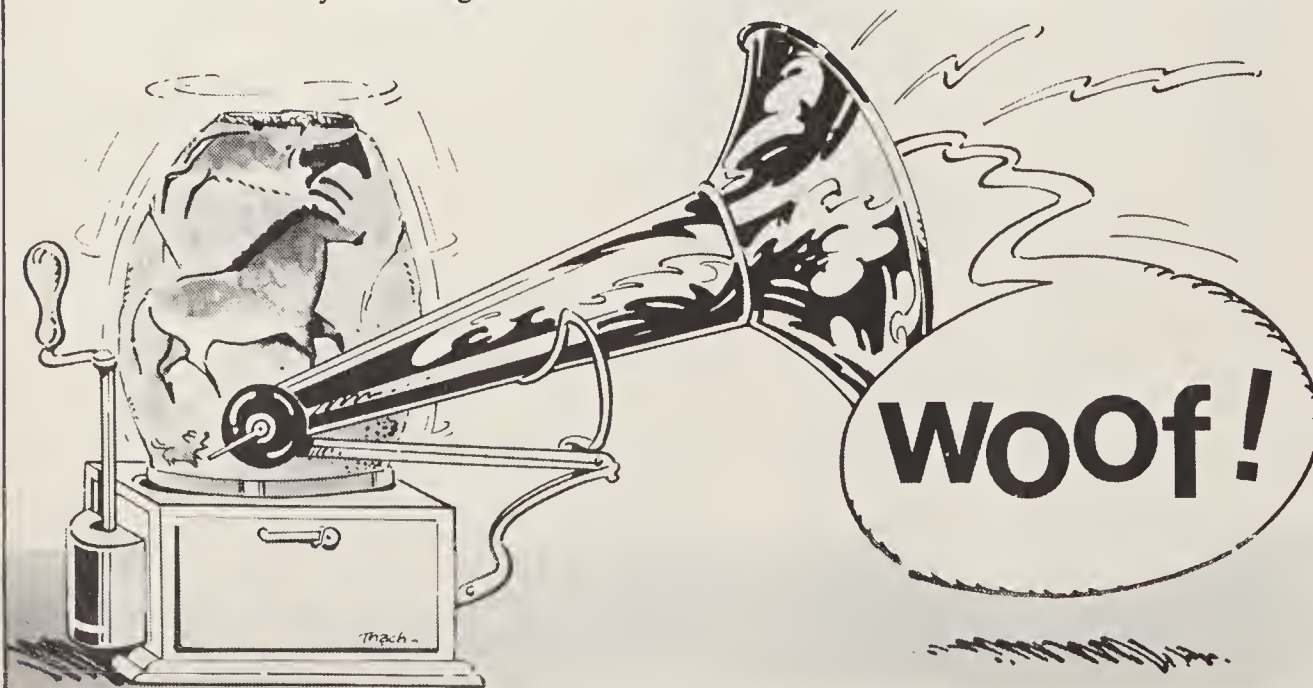


political economy and government from Harvard University. He joined the U of T Department of Political Economy in 1963 after teaching at Harvard and serving as a research fellow at the Brookings Institution in Washington. Dupré has been director of the Centre for Urban and Community Studies, associate dean of the School of Graduate Studies and chairman of the Department of

Political Economy. From 1974 to 1977 he was chairman of the Ontario Council on University Affairs. He has also been a member of the National Research Council and has served on a number of government committees including the Ontario Committee on Taxation, the Public Service Arbitration Tribunal, the Privy Council Office and the Ontario Civil Service Arbitration Board.

Listening to sounds from long ago. Shhh!

Dr. Peter Lewin took his first journey back in time 15 years ago when he examined the mummified hand of an Egyptian girl who died 2,400 years ago. Since then, he and other Toronto doctors who share his keen interest in medical archaeology have performed autopsies on the 3,200-year-old remains of a young working class Egyptian lad named Nakht, the mummy of Pharaoh Ramses V who died in 1156 B.C., and the priestess Djemaetesankh who lived in the ninth century B.C. Lewin, a paediatrician at the Hospital for Sick Children, has now embarked on an entirely different quest for knowledge about early man. Using an ordinary phonograph needle and amplifier system, he is hoping to hear sounds which could have been recorded during etching or engraving on round objects being rotated by hand or on the potter's wheel. Over the past two years, Lewin has "listened" to hundreds of specimens, thus far without hearing clear sounds from the past. He hopes the introduction of laser beam technology that will isolate human sound waves will improve his track record. Lewin says that other historians, intrigued by his investigations, have also taken up the search for mankind's earliest recordings. There has been just one "vague report" from a man at the British Museum who believes he might have isolated a syllable etched on an ancient vessel but this has not been confirmed. Lewin, for his part, will continue to eavesdrop down the corridors of time. "It may sound like science fiction but I have already determined that it is at least technically possible. If someone shouted or a dog barked close by, it could very well have been picked up by a rotating vessel."



Scenario of gloom from committee

Picture this. It's 1990 and university funding has continued to plod behind the smart-stepping rate of inflation just as it has done in recent years. Across the province, 9,000 university employees — faculty and administrative staff — have been laid off and "outreach" programs — like the School for Continuing Studies — have been abandoned. Some universities have been eliminated from the list of those eligible for government support. Portions of Guelph, Waterloo, Wilfrid Laurier and McMaster have been patched together to form a University of Central Ontario. There has been a

wholesale elimination of many academic programs at the undergraduate and graduate levels at all the surviving institutions. This gloomy scenario has emerged from the preliminary report of a government-appointed committee representing business, universities and government that is studying the future of the Ontario university system over the next decade. The committee has concluded that if current funding levels persist "quality can be salvaged only through increasingly drastic measures whose outcome is a commensurately inaccessible, elite and small Ontario university system". It says that financing must increase by at least 13 per cent beyond the rate of inflation by the end of the decade if provincial educational objectives are to be met.

Wanted: The woman who shot Whitman

Help wanted: Professor Michael Lynch, an organizer of last October's Erindale College conference on Walt Whitman, would like to find out more about a female portrait photographer named Edy Brothers who took Whitman's picture in London, Ont. in 1880. Anyone able to fill this historical gap can contact Lynch at the Department of English, 7 King's College Circle, University of Toronto, Toronto M5S 1A1.

Moss Scholars: a tribute to Transitional Year

At 16, Maureen Kelly dropped out of school, having only completed grade nine. Now, at 27, she has just received a Moss scholarship. The key, she says, was U of T's Transitional Year Program (TYP), a one-year full-time academic program designed to help disadvantaged students prepare for university.

Family problems, combined with frustration in the school system, had prompted her to quit school. She has no regrets. "At the time, it was the right thing to do," she says.

"I considered myself fortunate to be accepted into TYP because they only took 40 students a year."

Kelly began her full-time university career as a philosophy major but switched after taking an anthropology course and loving it.

She came through with distinction and made a point of saying "thank you" to the TYP in her Moss acceptance speech.

In addition to her anthropology studies through Innis College, Kelly was president of the Anthropology



STEVE BEHAL

Maureen Kelly and Yee Ling Chu

Student Union and a founding member of the University's Status of Women Committee.

The other 1981 winner of the \$6,500 award is biochemistry major Yee Ling Chu of University College. She will enter the Faculty of Medicine this fall, after which she plans to do doctoral work in genetics, immunology and biochemistry. A member of the Varsity gymnastic team, she is also active in community service work.

The Moss scholarships are awarded each year by the U of T Alumni Association. They were established in 1921 in memory of Colonel John Henry Moss, an 1889 graduate of U.C. Over the years, 84 scholarships have been awarded to students chosen for demonstrated academic achievement, campus leadership and an intention to pursue further studies.

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LECTURES

June Institute.

Monday, June 1 to Wednesday, June 3.
Department of Astronomy and David Dunlap Observatory 15th annual series of lectures on topics related to recent developments in astronomy and astrophysics.

Prof. Bruce G. Elmegreen, Columbia University, interstellar matter, star formation, microwave astronomy; Prof. Robert P. Kirshner, University of Michigan, extragalactic astronomy, supernovae;

Prof. Scott D. Tremaine, Institute for Advance Study, Princeton, planetary, stellar and galactic dynamics.

Scientists whose interests lie in these fields are invited to attend.

Information: Prof. John R. Percy, Department of Astronomy; 978-3146.

Clement McCulloch Lecture.

Friday, June 5.

Dr. Arnall Patz, Johns Hopkins Hospital, will give the first Clement McCulloch Lecture of the Department of Ophthalmology: Clinical Application of New Studies on Retinal Vascularization. Osler Hall, Academy of Medicine. 8 p.m.

Information: Department of Ophthalmology, 978-2634.

CAPAC MacMillan Lectures.

Wednesday, June 10.

Thursday, June 11.

Charles Rosen, scholar and pianist, will lecture on recording 20th century compositions. Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 8 p.m. Admission free with ticket from Conservatory.

Information: Summer School, Royal Conservatory of Music; 978-4468.

COURSES & WORKSHOPS

Royal Conservatory of Music Summer School.

June 1 to Aug. 7.

Program includes master classes, workshops, pedagogy, elementary education, theory courses, private instruction in all instruments and special events. Summer School book containing details available free from Conservatory.

Information: Summer School, Royal

Conservatory of Music; 978-4468 or 978-3797.

Stratford Summer Seminars.

Aug. 17 to 22.

Aug. 24 to 29.

Six-day program in Stratford includes at least five festival plays, concert, seminars with members of the Festival Theatre company and staff and academic colloquia with visiting Shakespearean scholars.

Information: Stratford Summer Seminars, Scarborough College, West Hill, M1C 1A4; 284-3379.

MEETINGS

U of T Alumni Association.

Thursday, May 21

Annual meeting. Order of business: annual report; appointment of auditors; election of officers; other matters (alumni must submit items for the agenda to the secretary by Wednesday, May 20).

Debates Room, Hart House. 8 p.m.

Information: Department of Alumni Affairs; 978-2365.

Ophthalmology Departmental Research Day.

Friday, June 5.

Morning: residents' papers.

Afternoon: symposium on vasoproliferative retinal disease; guest speakers, Dr. Arnall Patz, Johns Hopkins Hospital, and Dr. Bernard Jacobson, Boston Biomedical Research Institute. Academy of Medicine, 288 Bloor St. West.

Information: Department of Ophthalmology; 978-2634.

Faculty of Music Class Reunion.

Saturday, June 6.

Years: 1960, '61 and '62. Chelsea Inn.

Information: Janet Kendrick, 861 Warwick St., Woodstock, Ont., N4S 4R6; (519) 539-2481.

Forestry Alumni Association.

Saturday, June 6.

Annual meeting. Faculty of Forestry, 203 College St., fourth floor lounge. 10 a.m.

Auditory Development in Infancy.

Thursday, June 11 to Saturday, June 13.

Annual psychology symposium at

Erindale College.

Information: Department of Psychology, Erindale College, University of Toronto, Mississauga Road, Mississauga, L5L 1C6; telephone, 828-5447 or 828-5414.

Library Science Alumni Association.

Sunday, June 14.

Annual meeting. Elections will be held and it is expected that the Jubilee Alumni Award will be presented. McMaster University, room will be announced in Canadian Library Association annual meeting program. 4.30 p.m.

University College Alumni Association.

Wednesday, June 17.

Annual meeting. Croft Chapter House. 8 p.m.

CONCERTS

Eighth Annual Donald McMurich Memorial Scholarship Fund Concert.

Sunday, June 7.

Thomas Monohan, double bass, "and friends". Scholarship was established to assist a promising double bass student at either the Royal Conservatory of Music or the Faculty of Music. Donations may be made to the University of Toronto, receipts will be forwarded for income tax purposes.

Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 3 p.m.

Information, 978-3744.

Charles Rosen.

Tuesday, June 9.

Pianist who will be giving master classes at Conservatory's Summer School will give recital.

Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. 8 p.m. Tickets \$7 from the Conservatory.

Information, 978-3771 or 978-4468.

Summer School Concerts.

Tuesdays, July 14 to Aug. 4.

Thursdays, July 16 to Aug. 6.

Series of concerts in conjunction with Summer School of the Royal Conservatory of Music.

Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building. Tuesdays at 5.15 p.m.,

Thursdays at 8 p.m.
Information: Royal Conservatory of Music, 978-3771 or 978-4468.

PLAYS

Young Alumni.

June 26.
Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona" produced by Upstage Theatre, reception in Innis Pub. Tickets \$6 for play and reception.
Late August.

Minifestival of Renaissance theatre with two productions directed by recent U of T graduates, Mary Ellen Mahoney and Martin Weigelin, will be presented outdoors. Tentatively scheduled: "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and "The Alchemist".

Information: Glenna Sims, Department of Alumni Affairs; 978-8990.

The Toronto Passion Play.

Aug. 1 to 3.
Adapted from the medieval passion plays of the N-town cycle of mystery plays from East Anglia, presented by Poculi Ludique Societas in association with the Graduate Centre for the Study of Drama and Records of Early English Drama. Following tradition, there will be an all-day craft fair, Morris dancers, musicians, jugglers and other entertainment. East Quadrangle, Victoria College. Play at 2.30 p.m., tickets \$5, students and senior citizens \$2.50.
Information: PLS, 978-5096.

MISCELLANY

Campus Tours.

Monday, June 1 to Friday, Aug. 28.
Walking tours of the St. George campus will be given week-days during June, July and August (except holidays) at 10.30 a.m., 12.30 and 2.30 p.m. from the Map Room, Hart House. Special tours are available for groups, please make arrangements in advance.
Information: Public Relations Office, 45 Willcocks St., 978-2103; after June 1, Campus Tours, Hart House, 978-5000.

Spring Convocation.

Friday, June 5.
Dentistry, Nursing, Pharmacy. 2.30 p.m.
Monday, June 8 and Tuesday, June 9.
Graduate degrees. 2.30 p.m.
Wednesday, June 10.
Engineering, Forestry. 2.30 p.m.
Thursday, June 11.
Scarborough College. 10.30 a.m.
Medicine, Physical and Health Education. 2.30 p.m.
Friday, June 12.
Music, Education (primary junior,

junior intermediate). 10.30 a.m.
Architecture, Landscape Architecture, Education (intermediate senior). 2.30 p.m.
Monday, June 15.
University College, Trinity College. 2.30 p.m.
Tuesday, June 16.
Victoria College, Bachelor of Commerce (excluding students who have opted to graduate with their college group rather than the B. Com. group and students from Erindale College). 2.30 p.m.
Wednesday, June 17.
Erindale College. 10.30 a.m.
St. Michael's College, New College. 2.30 p.m.
Friday, June 19.
Law, Innis College, Woodsworth College. 2.30 p.m.
Information, 978-2193.

Spring Reunion.

Saturday, June 6.
Honoured years: 1911, 1921, 1931, 1941, 1956 and 1971.
Information: Department of Alumni Affairs, 978-2366.

Artfest '81.

Saturday, June 13 and Sunday, June 14.
Annual exhibition and sale of arts and crafts at Erindale College will feature oil paintings, water-colours, weaving, pottery, ceramics, sculpture, wood and metal crafts. Continuous entertainment and free babysitting. On the campus at Erindale from 10 a.m. to 8 p.m. Saturday and 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Sunday. Co-sponsored by Erindale College, Port Credit Rotary Club and the City of Mississauga; proceeds to Erindale scholarship fund. Admission \$2, students and senior citizens \$1, children 50 cents, maximum per family \$5.
Information: 828-5214.

Bartok Festival.

Monday, July 6 to Friday, July 10.
Celebrating the centenary of his birth: master classes, lectures, concerts, display. Royal Conservatory of Music and Edward Johnson Building.
Information: Royal Conservatory of Music, 978-3771 or 978-4468.

Book Sales.

October and November.
Friends of the Library, Trinity College, (Oct.) and University College Alumni Association (Nov.) will hold annual book sales. All kinds of books needed, both hard cover and paperback.
Information and to arrange pick-up: Office of Convocation, Trinity College, 978-2651.
Alumni Office, University College, 978-8746.

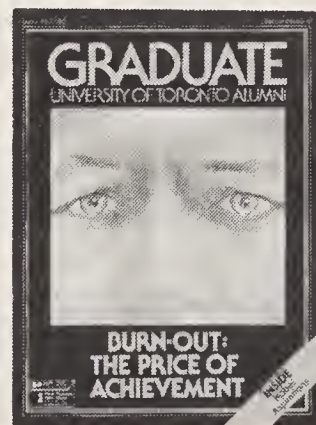
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THANK YOU!

to the many readers who responded to our invitation to become voluntary subscribers to *The Graduate*. To those who intended and forgot, the invitation is still open. Send \$10 to The Graduate, Department of Information Services, University of Toronto, Toronto M5S 1A1 and mark it voluntary subscription.

THE GRADUATE TEST NO. 11

The winner of The Graduate Test No. 9 in the Jan./Feb. issue was Gloria Sherman of Windsor. A copy of *James G. Endicott: Rebel Out of China* has been sent to her. We received a total of 299 entries postmarked by Feb. 28.

For Test No. 11 the University of Toronto Press has generously provided a copy of *Hugh MacLennan: A Writer's Life* by Elspeth Cameron. Readers of *The Graduate* will be familiar with the book, its subject and its author from the article by Pamela Cornell in our March/April issue.

Entries must be postmarked on or before June 30. We will be able to announce the winner in the Sept./Oct. issue along with the winner of Test No. 10. After that there will, however, be a delay of one

issue in the announcement of winners.

Address entries to: The Graduate Test, Department of Information Services, University of Toronto, Toronto, M5S 1A1. And please don't forget to include your name and address.

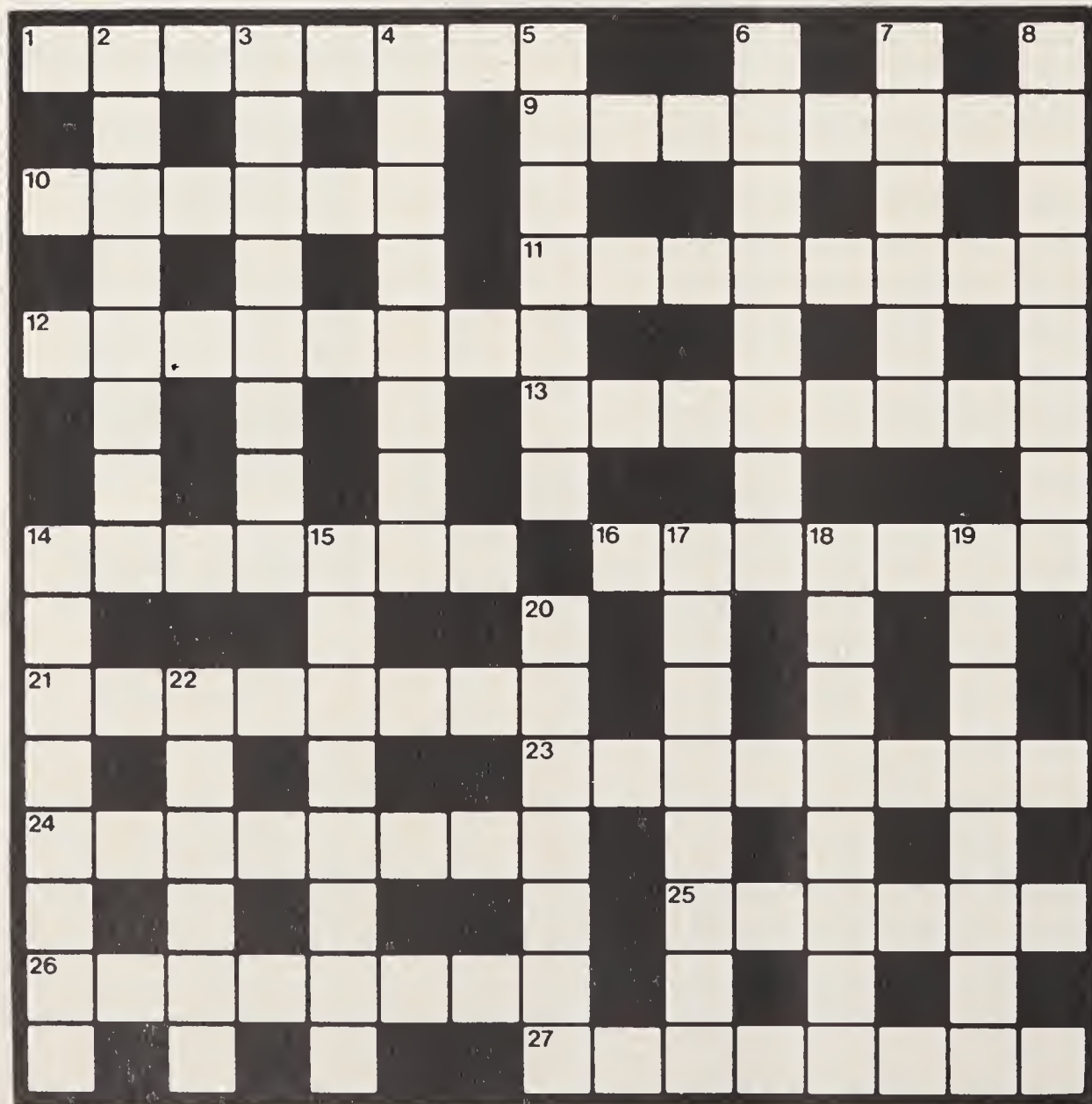
ACROSS

1. Could be broken bones where dozens of peers sit (8)
9. Some shepherds manage to be one (8)
10. Hundred and one prevent one coming back (like our numbers) (6)
11. Keep in a specific area to hear dietetic views (8)
12. Very big deprivation in fuel (8)

13. The West has nothing to replace one in chance (8)
14. Something that looks closely at southern preserver (7)
16. Similar, lighter edition (7)
21. Mad: called into action (8)
23. I act out in exact truth (8)
24. One writes about a shrub (8)
25. Turn around during Biology — rat escapes (6)
26. Helpless to take a soldier in; sick at heart of a certain military science (8)
27. Small measures against this French shelter (8)

DOWN

2. Not around the bend with one tonic drug (8)
3. Whole world government bankrupt — not the first (8)
4. Is incorporated first; I have cutting (8)
5. Will be in debt without end — but not deep (7)
6. Dreamer thought to lean (8)
7. Politician in Ireland — one strikes back (6)
8. Certainly holds pointless wager to be owing (8)
14. Path is walked crookedly (8)
15. Incoherence on getting back the points of the New York Stock Exchange twice (8)
17. Means to depose decrepit sage (8)
18. Agreement with nothing for the Emperor? (8)
19. Eastern tactics carelessly transported (8)
20. How Dave can make progress (7)
22. Give up point in rule (6)



Solution to The Graduate Test No. 10

P	A	T	E	R	N	A	L	P	A	R	E	N	T	A	L
R	R	I	C	A	B	R	H	A							
E	X	A	C	T	O	R	F	I	R	M	A	M	E	N	T
N	O	E	O	A	E	S	R	I							
A	X	I	S	S	P	A	R	T	A	F	E	E	T		
T	T		O	E	S	A	S	U							
A	B	I	G	A	I	L	W	I	T	H	S	T	A	N	D
L	O	S	I	E	S										
	E	N	G	L	I	S	H	L	A	N	G	U	A	G	E
R		E		L	E	M	A	D							
E	L	O	P	E	M	E	N	T	W	R	E	S	T	L	E
V	V	P	N	O	S										
E	O	E	N	G	R	A	S	P	S	Z	E	R	O		
R	R	S	A	R	A	A	R	U							
S	T	R	A	T	A	G	E	M	P	A	S	S	I	O	N
A	U	O	E	S	E	I	N	C							
L	A	N	D	L	A	O	Y	T	R	I	A	N	G	L	E

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